WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR MAY, 1809.

Biographical Sketch and Character of MISS TAYLOR. (With a ſtriking Likeneſs of that Lady)

A woman may be knowing, active, witty, and amuſing, but without propriety ſhe cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableneſs meet. MRS. H. MORE.

THIS elegant remark of a lady, whoſe conduct and writings have uniformly been conſiſtent with the principles it inculcates, may be very aptly applied to the fair object of our preſent memoir. The accompliſhments and pleaſing manners of miſs Mary Ann Taylor have gained her a ſtrong intereſt in the feelings of many well diſpoſed perſons, who miſtake the impulſe of benevolence for the dictates of juſtice, without imagining that they have in reality ſuffered themſelves to be prejudiced by a winning exterior, and a few intereſting contingencies; for however unexceptionable the conduct of miſs Taylor may have been, as far as regards her own perſon, we cannot, in juſtice, view her connection with mrs. Clark in a favourable point of view. The plea relationſhip might bear ſome weight, could we imagine that miſs Taylor would conſider it equally her duty to aſſociate with, and countenance, that relation, in *abject diſtreſs, as when under the protection of the duke of York*; but as in ſuch circumſtances only, ſhe could prove the true greatneſs of mind which might influence her, we think ſelf-eſtimation ſhould have prompted a different line of conduct. The father of miſs Taylor, it appears in evidence, was a ſtock-broker, of the name of Chance; but labouring under ſome pecuniary difficulties, he aſſumed the name of Taylor, to conceal himſelf from his creditors, and reſided with miſs Clarke's mother, at Bayſwater; his difficulties increaſing, his perſon was confined, and his daughter, for the maintenance of herſelf and her diſtreſſed parents, very laudably exerted herſelf in the way for which her education had beſt qualified her; ſhe eſtabliſhed a boarding ſchool firſt at Kentiſh town, and afterwards at China Row, Chelſea, which might have improved ſo as to have afforded her a genteel ſufficiency, but for her indiſcreet connection with mrs. Clarke, and ſubſequent expoſure. The line which miſs Taylor had marked out for herſelf, was one which requires the ſtricteſt propriety of conduct; as even the moſt licentious parent are in general cautious with regard to their children, and the ſtrictly moral repuires that not only

facts, but even appearances, ſhould juſtify their truſt. Without attaching the ſlighteſt degree of criminality to this unfortunate young lady, we cannot but ſincerely regret her inconſiderateneſs; as a moment's reflection muſt convince her, or her moſt zealous advocates, that a third perſon, at ſuch interviews as took place between the duke of York and mrs. Clarke, independent of each being reſpectively married, muſt be accuſed of illiberality in theſe obſervations, we will conclude with an extract from the ſpeech of a member, who has, with equal ability and philanthropy, ſpoke in her behalf, and been actively employed in raiſing a liberal ſubſcription for her relief and aſſiſtance.

Extract from Lord Folkſtone's Speech, March 10.

Lord Folkſtone obſerved, it had been argued, that becauſe miſs Taylor did not recollect preciſely the expreſſion that had been made uſe of reſpecting col. French, that ſhe was not to be believed. 'She never had ſeen col. French; and it muſt be allowed, the expreſſion, if uſed, was a very remarkable one, and likely to be remembered. If ſhe had viſited mrs. Clarke, it would be recollected that ſhe was a relation of hers; and was miſs Taylor to be held up to the country as a liar, who was totally unworthy of credit, for no other reaſon but that her brother had married mrs. Clarke's ſiſter? The examination had already proved of the moſt ſerious conſequence to miſs Taylor; and it was heard that ſhe ſhould be ſet down as altogether unworthy of belief, merely becauſe ſhe was connected with mrs. Clarke, and therefore aſſociated with her. It muſt occur to the honourable gentleman on the other ſide of the houſe, that there were numerous inſtances, among the higher orders in life, where not only men but women of character* did aſſociate with females whoſe characters were very doubtful, and perhaps very little better than that of mrs. Clarke! Now there ought to be ſomething of equal juſtice among the different orders of ſociety, and that equal juſtice would not be done, if miſs Taylor was to be diſcredited, becauſe ſhe did not belong to the higher claſs, and becauſe her parents were poor. The examination of miſs Taylor had been conducted in ſuch a manner, (he did not mean to throw blame upon any body for it,) that it had produced her abſolute ruin. Her father was a ruined man, her mother in jail for debt, and ſhe a virtuous young girl—he ſhould repeat, a virtuous young girl; for however the gentlemen on the other ſide of the houſe might laugh at the term, he would ſay, there was nothing in the evidence, nothing in the deportment of miſs Taylor at the bar, which could juſtify their merriment, or at all contradict the juſtice of the term, as applied to her. This virtuous young girl, he would repeat, when her family was in ſuch diſtreſs, took a boarding-ſchool for the ſupport of herſelf and her younger ſiſter; ſhe had a dozen pupils before ſhe was ſummoned to attend the houſe as a witneſs, and in conſequence of the anſwers which had been extorted from her in the courſe of her examination, nine of them had been withdrawn. Her creditors ſoon found out her misfortunes, and no time was loſt in laying execution on her goods; her furniture had been all ſeized, her carpets torn off the floors, and ſhe herſelf obliged to ſeek an aſylum in a friend's houſe; and yet, although ſuch diſtreſs and ruin had been occaſioned in her little eſtabliſhment, it appeared that all the debts which ſhe owed in the world amounted only to about 120l.'

N O T E.

* Query.—If they preſerved their *character* did they preſerve their morals.

In

In this ſtatement lord Folkſtone certainly expreſſed himſelf with candour and ſenſibility; he conſidered miſs Taylor an injured perſon, in conſequence of the ſtrict examination which had been neceſſarily impoſed, which muſt have given a ſtab to her credit, by expoſing her family. It appears, however, that his argument was not concluſive, when he advanced, that ſhe had loſt nine of her pupils on that account. Mean and illiberal indeed muſt be the mind that could caſt odium on her character becauſe her birth was not legitimate, or her parents rich. To her own impropriety of conduct in aſſociating with a woman of tarniſhed fame, may ſhe aſcribe the misfortunes which have overtaken her; for a truly virtuous woman ſhould not only be without ſtain, ſhe ſhould alſo be above ſuſpicion We underſtand the ſubſcriptions for this young lady have amounted to a conſiderable ſum.

Anecdote Of Miſs Seward's Father.

SIR,

IT is well known that miſs SEWARD, the Poeteſs, ſo recently dead, was much diſpleaſed with dr. JOHNSON, becauſe he had mentioned her father as an eccentric. It had been far better in the daughter to have taken no notice of what was ſo well known to ſo large a circle.

That dr. JOHNSON was juſtified in his aſſertion, the following anecdote will prove. I received it from my ever regretted patron, the late Earl of Sandwich, who told it with incomparable glee.

It will be recollected by many of your readers, that EDMUND SHEFFIELD Duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, a young nobleman of conſiderable promiſe, being of a very weak conſtitution, was adviſed to go to Italy, to try what a warmer climate could do to eſtabliſh his health. Like moſt of conſumptive habits, his grace drooped and revived. At length in November 1735, he expired in the city of Rome, much regretted.

At this time there were, as then was uſual, a number of Engliſhmen of rank, or only a degree below: amongſt the former was lord SANDWICH, who with ſeveral of his countrymen were drinking wine after dinner, on the day or the day following the duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE's death. To the ſurpriſe of the company, mr SEWARD burſt into the room, in the extreme of human woe, lamenting himſelf as the moſt wretched of men. Knowing that he had been much noticed by the late duke, every one condoled with him, expreſſing how much they felt the loſs themſelves of ſo amiable a peer, cut off at ſo early an age. When to their aſtoniſhment, mr. SEWARD ſaid, '*It is not becauſe of the duke's death, for it is a fate to which all muſt ſubmit—but, it is becauſe the Poem I had three parts finiſhed upon his grace's* RECOVERY, *is now uſeleſs.*' For a moment, ſurpriſe took away the power of reply from all the company; ſeveral of whom, from grief, now could ſcarcely refrain from laughter, but good manners overcame inward mirth. At length lord SANDWICH, who knew the man, and loved a jeſt, with the utmoſt gravity conſoled him, and ſaid, 'Really, ſir, it will be a public loſs not to have ſo fine a poem finiſhed, but you know that the duke's fate is decided.'—'Yes,' replied mr. SEWARD, 'and you know too, my lord, there is no poſſibility of altering what I have written, to become an ELEGY upon the duke's death.' He then ſat for ſome time in deep ſilence and profound meditation—when, ſtarting up ſuddenly, he ſaid to lord SANDWICH, 'My lord I have been thinking there can be no impropriety in my finiſhing the poem of the RECOVERY for theſe reaſons; I cannot think of committing ſo many fine lines to the flames, and I have formed in my mind the whole plan of the remain-

ing part. Beſides all this, who will know, except a few friends, but that the poem was finiſhed before the duke died; and the ducheſs Dowager, his grace's mother, will probably receive it graciouſly, and I may have a patroneſs inſtead of a patron?' In all this fine reaſoning lord SANDWICH; and the reſt of the company warmly coincided, as an excellent joke, to write a RECOVERY upon a *dead duke*. Pleaſed with his ſagacity, the happy poet ſmoothened his face, drank his wine, and ſkipped out of the apartment as nimble and as merry as an *Harlequin*.

The RECOVERY was finiſhed in quite as good a ſtyle as the two thirds had been; and, we may ſuppoſe, without any great breach of charity, with equal *ſincerity*.—poets can feign.

I ſhall ſubjoin, that the body of the duke, conveyed to England, was buried with a pomp not diſplayed at the funerals of the Royal Family. On Jan. 31, 1736, he was depoſited in Henry VIIth's Chapel, in Weſtminſter Abbey, the whole College at Arms attending, with a numerous aſſemblage of perſons of the higheſt rank, or the carriages of others; all the choir preceded the corpſe; when it was brought into the Abbey church, and the burial-office was read by dr. Wilcocks Biſhop of Rocheſter, as dean. There was ſomething ſplendidly princely in the ſheffields. As the duke was unmarried, the title became extinct.

No doubt mr. SEWARD preſented the RECOVERY after the funeral, to the diſconſolate mother, the lady Ducheſs. What a command of features he muſt have had!

I never would give this anecdote whilſt miſs SEWARD was living, that I might not hurt a daughter's feelings; but now I ſee no indelicacy in ſending it to you for your magazine.

With more than poetic aſſertion,
I am, ſir,
Your friend as well as moſt obedient
Servant, MARK NOBLE.

Anecdotes of Shuter.

THE following anecdote of Shuter and Macklin, I do not remember to have ever ſeen in print.

Shuter attending the theatre at mr. Macklin's repreſentation of *Macbeth*, (after his failure in that character) was aſked by a friend his opinion of the veteran; he replied:

'The time has been that when the *brains were out*,
The man would die;
But now——————.'

Shuter having accidentally fallen down, he was aſked by a companion, how he came to do ſo; 'Notwithſtanding,'—replied the comedian. A conceited fellow, a would-be-wit, having overheard him, fell down ſhortly after on purpoſe, and upon being interrogated how he came to do ſo, replied—'*nevertheleſs*.

Madame Mara and Florio.

THIS once celebrated ſinger has, according to the German papers, retired to an eſtate, which ſhe has purchaſed in Poland. During her late reſidence at Moſcow, her companion, Florio, was involved in a very unpleaſant affair. A letter, ſigned Richard Florio, written in French, and filled with invectives againſt the Ruſſian government, was put into the poſt-office at St. Peterſburgh. The perſon it was addreſſed to handed it over to the police. Florio was apprehended at Moſcow, and conveyed priſoner to St. Peterſburgh. Hence, however, he was ſpeedily releaſed, his name being not *Richard* but *Charles*, and it appearing that he was totally ignorant of the French language. The emperor Alexander, on hearing of the circumſtance, made Florio a preſent of a handſome ſum of money, over and above the expence he had been put to in his journey from Moſcow.

The

The Grampian Girl.

IN one of thoſe romantic vallies, watered by that noble river which when the Romans invaded Caledonia, remind them of their favourite Tyber, lived Solga, a nymph of extraordinary beauty and diſcretion, whom the ſhepherds of Perthſhire praiſe in their ſongs. Beautiful ſhe was without vanity, and accompliſhed without pride. While yet a girl her happineſs conſiſted in contemplating the renowned Grampian mountains, with all their intereſting varieties, the craggy ſummit aſcending above the clouds, the extenſive ridge covered with heath, the foaming torrent deſcending through the woody glen: long would ſhe gaze with ſilent wonder on thoſe grand objects, then turning her eyes from the ſublime to the beautiful, ſurvey with fond delight the flowery banks of the Tay: hence ſhe was denominated the Grampian girl. Thoſe mighty ridges ſuggeſted to her the idea of omnipotent power, as requiſite to their production: power that has no limitation, without wiſdom, would be only infinite fury: now the being who is both powerful and wiſe in the higheſt degree, muſt neceſſarily be a juſt and good Being: hence the notion of the Deity was familiar to her mind. She was alſo convinced, the holy ſcriptures were derived from the ſame celeſtial ſource, as containing doctrines worthy of the divine perfections, and corroborated by miracles and prophecies. In conſequence of theſe deductions, ſhe cultivated private intercourſe with Heaven, regularly attended the public worſhip of the church, and endeavoured by purity and beneficence to reſemble the ſupreme object of her adorations. Indeed piety was ſo much her delight, that it is probable, had ſhe exiſted before the reformation, ſhe would have gone into a convent; but, as Providence ſaw fit to ſhuffle her into better times ſhe conſidered that entire abſtration from the world was not her duty, when finding in Phocion a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed merit, ſhe yielded to his ſolicitations, and became his wife.

Phocion was a native of Glaſgow, where he proſecuted his ſtudies with diligence and ſucceſs: the ſimplicity of his manner ſerved only to aſſiſt the vigour of his genius. That he might unbend his mind from the purſuits of learning, he one ſummer reſolved to viſit the famous mountains, which produced the heroic Galgaws, and turned the invading armies of Rome. With the hiſtorical works of Tacitus, he alſo determined to take along with him the poems of Oſſian, for the purpoſe of comparing the deſcriptions of his favourite bard with the original ſcenery. In purſuance of this ſcheme, he ſet out for the highlands, without any other companions than his books: being arrived on the banks of the Tay, the fame of the Grampian girl ſoon reached his ears, and affected his heart. The public roads through the highlands of Scotland are excellent, having been made by the foſtering hand of government, in order to faciliate their improvement in agriculture and commerce: the modern inns upon thoſe roads are alſo commodities being kept by attentive and obliging hoſts. At one of theſe highland taverns, our ſtudent contracted for boarding and lodging through the ſummer: the room wherein he ſlept was ornamented with pictures, among which he could diſtinguiſh the portrait of the learned, paradoxical, witty, polite biſhop Berkeley. Sound repoſe and a hearty breakfaſt of bread and tea the next morning, ſufficiently recruited him for aſcertaining the purpoſe of his journey: he accordingly walked out to ſurvey the adjacent proſpect, which he found to coincide in a ſtriking degree with the

ing part. Besides all this, who will know, except a few friends, but that the poem was finished before the duke died; and the duchess Dowager, his grace's mother, will probably receive it graciously, and I may have a patroness instead of a patron?' In all this fine reasoning lord SANDWICH, and the rest of the company warmly coincided, as an excellent joke, to write a RECOVERY upon a *dead duke*. Pleased with his sagacity, the happy poet smoothened his face, drank his wine, and skipped out of the apartment as nimble and as merry as an *Harlequin*.

The RECOVERY was finished in quite as good a style as the two thirds had been; and, we may suppose, without any great breach of charity, with equal *sincerity*.—poets can feign.

I shall subjoin, that the body of the duke, conveyed to England, was buried with a pomp not displayed at the funerals of the Royal Family. On Jan. 31, 1736, he was deposited in Henry VIIth's Chapel, in Westminster Abbey, the whole College at Arms attending, with a numerous assemblage of persons of the highest rank, or the carriages of others; all the choir preceded the corpse; when it was brought into the Abbey church, and the burial-office was read by dr. Wilcocks Bishop of Rochester, as dean. There was something splendidly princely in the shew.—As the duke was unmarried, the title became extinct.

No doubt mr. SEWARD presented the RECOVERY after the funeral, to the disconsolate mother, the lady Duchess. What a command of features he must have had!

I never would give this anecdote whilst miss SEWARD was living, that I might not hurt a daughter's feelings; but now I see no indelicacy in sending it to you for your magazine.

With more than poetic assertion,
I am, sir,
Your friend as well as most obedient

Anecdotes of Shuter.

THE following anecdote of Shuter and Macklin, I do not remember to have ever seen in print.

Shuter attending the theatre at one of Macklin's representation of *Macbeth* (after his failure in that character) was asked by a friend his opinion of the veteran; he replied:

'The time has been that when the brains were out,
The man would die;
But now———.'

Shuter having accidentally fallen down, he was asked by a companion, how he came to do so; 'Notwithstanding,'—replied the comedian. A conceited fellow, a would-be-wit, having overheard him, fell down shortly after on purpose, and upon being interrogated how he came to do so, replied—'*nevertheless*.'

Madame Mara and Florio.

THIS once celebrated singer has according to the German papers, retired to an estate, which she has purchased in Poland. During her late residence at Moscow, her companion, Florio, was involved in a very unpleasant affair. A letter, signed Richard Florio, written in French and filled with invectives against the Russian government, was put into the post-office at St. Petersburgh. The person it was addressed to handed it over to the police. Florio was apprehended at Moscow, and conveyed prisoner to St. Petersburgh. He however, he was speedily released, his name being not *Richard* but *Charles*, and it appearing that he was totally ignorant of the French language. The emperor Alexander hearing of the circumstance, sent Florio a present of a handsome sum of money, over and above the sixpence he had been put to in his journey from Moscow.

The Grampian Girl.

IN one of thoſe romantic vallies, watered by that noble river which when the Romans invaded Caledonia, remind them of their favourite Tyber, lived Solga, a nymph of extraordinary beauty and diſcretion, whom the ſhepherds of Perthſhire praiſe in their ſongs. Beautiful ſhe was without vanity, and accompliſhed without pride. While yet a girl her happineſs conſiſted in contemplating the renowned Grampian mountains, with all their intereſting varieties, the craggy ſummit aſcending above the clouds, the extenſive ridge covered with heath, the foaming torrent deſcending through the woody glen: long would ſhe gaze with ſilent wonder on thoſe grand objects, then turning her eyes from the ſublime to the beautiful, ſurvey with fond delight the flowery banks of the Tay: hence ſhe was denominated the Grampian girl. Thoſe mighty ridges ſuggeſted to her the idea of omnipotent power, as requiſite to their production: power that has no limitation, without wiſdom, would be only infinite fury: now the being who is both powerful and wiſe in the higheſt degree, muſt neceſſarily be a juſt and good Being: hence the notion of the Deity was familiar to her mind. She was alſo convinced, the holy ſcriptures were derived from the ſame celeſtial ſource, as containing doctrines worthy of the divine perfections, and corroborated by miracles and prophecies. In conſequence of theſe deductions, ſhe cultivated private intercourſe with Heaven, regularly attended the public worſhip of the church, and endeavoured by purity and beneficence to reſemble the ſupreme object of her adorations. Inward piety was ſo much her delight, that it is probable, had ſhe exiſted before the reformation, ſhe would have gone into a convent; but, as Providence ſaw fit to ſhuffle her into better times, ſhe conſidered that entire abſtration from the world was not her duty, when finding in Phocion a gentleman of diſtinguiſhed merit, ſhe yielded to his ſolicitations, and became his wife.

Phocion was a native of Glaſgow, where he proſecuted his ſtudies with diligence and ſucceſs: the ſimplicity of his manner ſerved only to aſſiſt the vigour of his genius. That he might unbend his mind from the purſuits of learning, he one ſummer reſolved to viſit the famous mountains, which produced the heroic Galgaws, and turned the invading armies of Rome. With the hiſtorical works of Tacitus, he alſo determined to take along with him the poems of Oſſian, for the purpoſe of comparing the deſcriptions of his favourite bard with the original ſcenery. In purſuance of this ſcheme, he ſet out for the highlands, without any other companions than his books: being arrived on the banks of the Tay, the fame of the Grampian girl ſoon reached his ears, and affected his heart. The public roads through the highlands of Scotland are excellent, having been made by the foſtering hand of government, in order to faciliate their improvement in agriculture and commerce: the modern inns upon thoſe roads are alſo commodities being kept by attentive and obliging hoſts. At one of theſe highland taverns, our ſtudent contracted for boarding and lodging through the ſummer: the room wherein he ſlept was ornamented with pictures, among which he could diſtinguiſh the portrait of the learned, paradoxical, witty, polite biſhop Berkeley. Sound repoſe and a hearty breakfaſt of bread and tea the next morning, ſufficiently recruited him for aſcertaining the purpoſe of his journey: he accordingly walked out to ſurvey the adjacent proſpect, which he found to coincide in a ſtriking degree with the

imagery of the ſublime Oſſian, by preſenting to the view tracts of purple heath, ſtreamy vales, inſulated woods, and hills clouded with miſt. The ranges of the Grampians, it muſt be obſerved, conſtitute only the beginning of the highlands; and they not only incloſe vales of luxuriant fertility, along the banks of the larger rivers by which they are divided, but they have alſo lateral diviſions or receſſes in the mountains themſelves, of a groteſque yet pleaſing wildneſs. Into one of theſe ſmaller vales our Glaſgonian now entered; a narrow path that wound among nodding thiſtles, conducted him along the ſide of a brook, with a part of the glen, where the rocks were either awfully frowning or curiouſly fantaſtic: he was delighted beyond expreſſion by the novel beauties of the ſcene, having ſauntered among which for ſome time, he was about to return, when a grove of pines, ſituated in a fine ſweep of the valley, drew his attention: he jumped over the brook, and advancing towards the pines, beheld within their ſhade a young lady amiably contemplative, and ſtrikingly engaging. She leaned on her ſnowy arm, her auburn hair waved negligently in the wind, gentle ſighs proceeded from her ſeraphic boſom, beams of intelligent ſweetneſs darted from her blue eyes. Our Glaſgonian entered the grove; the nymph was ſomewhat ſtartled by his ſudden appearance, but ſoon recovering her equanimity ſmiled at the circumſtance of their meeting thus accidentally in ſo ſolitary a walk. Phocion ſpoke firſt, he begged pardon for the fright he had occaſioned her to experience, adding that a ſimilarity of taſte ſeemed to have brought them there together into a ſcene ſo rurally captivating. 'Nothing was more likely,' ſhe repliet, 'with regard however to any terror which you may have cauſed me to ſuffer, let me entreat you not to think of that.' After ſome converſation of the ſame kind, he ventured to aſk her name, and when he learned ſhe was the celebrated Solga herſelf, could ſcarcely govern his joy. Thus he accompanied her with a modeſt aſſurance to the houſe of her parents, where he ſpent the remainder of the day in admiration of her accompliſhments, while ſhe honoured him with ſelect looks and ſmiles, as much as to ſay, you ſhall not admire me in vain.

Our ſtudent then penetrated farther into the highlands, in order to ſee more of ſo intereſting a country; he ſpent ſome weeks in roving among its picturesque ſcenes, and exploring its ſingular phenomena. When he returned to the inn, he was informed by the hoſt, a loquacious publican, there was to be a meeting at his houſe the next day of the neighbouring farmers, for the purpoſe of taking into conſideration the beſt ſeaſon of removing conjointly to America. Phocion did not approve of their intention and therefore, when he regained his pillow ruminated on the moſt likely arguments of keeping them at home. The following forenoon they accordingly aſſembled, when he ſpoke to them as follows: 'Dear countrymen, though unknown to you perſonally, I cannot help taking an active intereſt in your concerns; judge then of my ſurpriſe and regret, on being told that you have it in contemplation to renounce for ever your native land. Grievances are twofold, real and imaginary: you complain of increaſed rents, and increaſed taxes: I grant, both the one and the other are double of what they were twenty years ago; but, to counteract this augmentation, is not the value of the produce of your farms increaſed in the ſame ratio? There is a progreſs in ſociety, to which all muſt conform; neither the great nor the poor can now live upon the ſame pecuniary means as at the above period; the Scotch

lity, were never known to be deficient of generosity, and as it is their duty not to be oppressive, so it is your duty not to be querimonious. With regard to the other object of complaint, increased taxes, if society be necessary to the human species, government is no less so, without which the people would only live in anarchy: now, our government in its nature cannot be tyrannical, neither has it been more expensive, than the just and necessary wars, in which it has been involved, required: pride, folly and idleness, are heavier taxes, than those collected for the national defence. Protection and obedience are reciprocal; if then government protects you in your lawful occupations, can any thing be more reasonable, any thing more just, than for you to contribute a part of your property annually towards its support? Such, besides, are the capital fortunes and honourable characters of the great men, who in conjunction with his majesty constitute our legislature, as to render it morally impossible for them to have any other end in their administration, than the public good. When the Divine Wisdom, in its attentive providence, shall restore peace to Britain and to Europe, it is extremely probable, the burdens of the people will be alleviated: the wars of the nations are the storms, which purify the political horizon. Dear to mankind are the scenes of their youth, gratifying the recollections they suggest; let me beseech you to think no more of distant lands; what could you gain more in America, which you have not already in Scotland? These mountains indeed cannot boast of golden sands, but they are sublime and memorable; they cannot vie with the woodland aspects of Vermont, but you dwell in the vallies where the soil is abundantly fertile. In Glasgow, from whence I assume the wealth and splendour acquired by the inhabitants, are astonishing: let me persuade you to think no more of foreign climes. What! is it the suggestion merely of imagination, or does the genius of the Grampian Hills really join his voice with mine to invoke your stay? Honourable are the toils of virtue, inconceivable have been its consolations, eternal will be its rewards. Cultivate with spirit your peaceful farms, and should you have more sons, than you can reasonably hope to settle in a comfortable way in these rugged regions, send them to some of the manufacturing towns in the kingdom, or let them enlist in the glorious service of our gracious sovereign, who rules only to make his people happy.

This speech of our juvenile orator had the desired effect on the audience; the honest farmers, feeling happy again in the view of their situation, unanimously declared they would follow his advice; they also invited him to dine with them, and even selected him to be their chairman. A plain yet wholesome repast was provided for the meeting; the waiters moved with silent celerity around the table; not so the party, who were unusually gay and talkative on the occasion. When the cloth was removed, the president gave the following toasts, which were drank with rapturous applause. 'The best of monarchs, and political systems, the king and constitution. The queen and royal family, the distinguishing honour of the court, and the animating hope of the nation. Perpetual union to the rose, the harp, and the thistle. The glorious and immortal memory of the great king William. The memory of lord Nelson. The lord of the manor, the earl of Breadalbane. Honest men and lovely women.' Patriotic songs ensued, to aid the effects of the glass; the company were so pleased withone another, the hour went unobserved, until Aurora pressed

in

in at the window, and whiſpered to them it was time to part.

Phocion was too much a philoſopher to be proud of any thing, and therefore, though he felt great ſatisfaction in having diſpelled the prejudices of the farmers, yet he conſidered his exertions in their behalf to have been no more than his duty; wherefore he now returned once more to the paragon of beauty and lovelineſs. Being admitted into her preſence, he reſumed the topic neareſt his heart, and when ſhe replied, he had only to obtain the conſent of her parents, in order to their nuptials, could ſcarcely reſtrain his joy. The father of our heroine, when applied to in the matter, candidly declared he could give his daughter no fortune, and Phocion ſaid he required none: they were accordingly married, and the following morning the happy pair ſet out for the banks of the Clyde, where they arrived ſafely in the evening, amidſt the congratulations of ſincere friends, and the rattling ringing of the bells of Glaſgow. As our young gentleman was deſigned for the church, he was ſhortly after admitted into the prieſthood, and finally ſettled as a miniſter of the goſpel in Annandale, where he and his beloved Solga now live in the greateſt felicity imaginable, ſhort of celeſtial bliſs.

Hillſylvania. AGLAUS.

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER XIV.

I HAVE news, my friend, to communicate, which will at once ſurprize and grieve thee. Thy Engliſh goddeſs, the beautiful *Leonora Meadows*, is found; but alas! ſo found, as to make me cry in the words of Ovid's Inachus—

> Tu non inventa, repertâ
> Luctus eras levior!

Thou remembereſt how, in the lucid interval that took place in the infane conduct of the two nations, the lovely *Leonora* ſhone the brighteſt ſtar in the hemiſphere of the *Thuilleries*. The great *duke of Marlborough* was, when plain *captain Churchill*, known in France by the title of the handſome Engliſhman. But never did he commit greater havoc there, than did this handſome Engliſh woman. Thou, *Ambroſe*, wilt, I am ſure, bear her in eternal recollection. Yes, thou wilt never forget how, in haſtening to worſhip that glittering meteor, in the central promenade of the *Thuilleries*, thou didſt diſdain the circuitous path round the ſheet of water, in thoſe gardens, but enticed by its frozen ſurface, didſt, like *Leander*, commit thyſelf to croſs that treacherous Helleſpont, and by the abduction of a large piece of ice, were immerſed in the element. Alas! thou didſt not find a *hero* in *Leonora*, but wert left to the conſolation of thinking thyſelf one of the braveſt. In leſs than a week after that event, the *belle Angloiſe* abruptly quitted Paris and left its gallant inhabitants in the very vortex of deſpair. Not even madam Recamier, Garnerin, or the new muſical glaſſes, could for ſix whole days calm the general agitation! I have found her, my friend. Moderate thy tranſports while I tell thee how.

I went laſt week to a concert of muſic, where the Engliſh meet to mortify themſelves during *lent*. Muſic, you know, enabled Orpheus to regain his wife, and from the indifference diſplayed by this nation during its performance, you would imagine they were about to be rewarded in a ſimilar manner. A *ſolo* is the ſeaſon for whiſpering, but a grand *chorus* gives a privilege to chatter as loud as you pleaſe. In the interval between the firſt and ſecond acts, we all adjourned to another room, to regale on four orgeat and ſweet limonade. On re-aſcending the ſtairs I heard a female voice, whoſe

lady was familiar to my ears, and on turning round, diſcovered it to proceed from a lady, whom I at firſt took, from her great ſimiliarity, to be the mother of *Leonora*—Alas! how brief the illuſion—it was *Leonora* herſelf! Five ſhort years have wrought a fearful metamorphoſis. It is now only from an air of antique, that her figure can poſſibly be miſtaken for that of Diana! Its graces are fled. At this inſtant two bucks of the new ſchool, who did not need the addition of furred great-coats to be miſtaken for bears, ſqueezed by me, and my ears were greeted with the following dialogue;—'Damme, Jack, isn't that *Leonora Meadows*?'—'Yes it is.'—'Indeed! why ſhe's dev'liſhly altered!'—'Aye, faith! in more ways than one.'—'How d'ye mean?'—'Why, her old dad has hopped the twig, leaving her rather minus as to goldfinches.—Tom Dangleton was making up to her while ſquare-toes was above ground, but he now fights rather ſhy.—Egad, I fancy its a complete cut, and poor poor *Lenny* vegetates with an old lemoned-face virago of an aunt.' This elegant dialogue was then interrupted by a fat man, in a dirty white waiſtcoat, who began to ſing ſomething about the *pricking of his thumbs*, which was repeated at leaſt a hundred times—the fellow had as many thumbs as Briareus. This, you may be ſure, did not drive *Leonora* from my thoughts, and when '*away with melancholy*' was chaunted by half a dozen of the ſons and daughters of Euterpe, I could only reply with Prior—

Je ſuis triſte quand je crie,
Banniſſons la mélancholie.

Alas! how brief the duration of female charms! Beauty is, indeed, what the poet *Dryden* deſcribes it to be—'*A mighty empire, but it laſts not long.*' Let teachers and preachers rail againſt it as they pleaſe; ſtill, my friend, it's woman's all-in-all. '*Handſome is that handſome does,*' ſaid the wife of the vicar of Wakefield to her daughters; and in the ſame breath deſired them to '*hold up their heads.*' Man, comparatively happy man, if he poſſeſſes induſtry and talents, may always attain independence, and frequently affluence; but what are woman's pretenſions to renown? A handſome face and a graceful figure. To theſe ſentiments I anticipate an objection from ſome controverſial female, like the following—'Ridiculous! what nonſenſical ſtuff! Iſn't my couſin *Harriet* far from handſome, and didn't a rich banker fall in love with her at Donaldſon's library, at Brighton? And isn't there *miſs Tangent*, whom all the world allowed to be remarkably plain, and didn't ſhe get a Nabob at Calcutta, before ſhe had exhibited half her new clothes?'—'Yes, madam, I am perfectly ſenſible of what you advance; and I, too, know a *mr. Turnpenny*, who, with the only twenty guineas he poſſeſſed, bought a lottery ticket, which brough him ten thouſand pounds, and yet, had I a ſon, I ſhould pauſe before I made an *Ixion* of him, and tied him to a lottery wheel as a profeſſion for life.' No, no, *Ambroſe*, miſtruſt the motives of thoſe fair-ones, who, '*without one tolerable feature in their face, talk inceſſantly of the beauties of the mind.* *Beauty* is frequently man's ruin, but *uglineſs* is more frequently woman's A hump-back is to her more faral than a wallet full of ſins: the ſmall-pox is a meeting of creditors, but a bandy leg is an abſolute ſtatute of virginity. Of men, the ugliеſt are, generally ſpeaking, the moſt agreeable—can the ſame be ſaid of women? man, the chartered libertine, while he retains vigour of mind, may laugh at the decay of the body.—He is the artificer of his own fate. Temperance ſtrengthens his health, and debauchery impairs it. Induſtry and integrity improve his finances

nances—idleneſs and diſhoneſty deſtroy them. In all this, retributive juſtice is wiſe and manifeſt—

Raro antecedentem ſceleſtum,
Deſeruit Pœna pede claudo.

But hapleſs woman is ſubject to misfortunes, which no prudence can prevent. Conſtant in her homage to the looking glaſs, yet is her piety ungratefully repaid, by the gradually altered image it reflects. As a wife ſhe is this moment ſmiling in proſperity, and the next, by the miſconduct of her huſband, abandoned to hopeleſs penury. As a mother, her conſtitution is often ruined before ſhe attains the age of thirty, by the *criminal* act of producing a race of legitimate children for the ſervice of the ſtate! Whenever I ſtate a caſe for the opinion of counſel, learned in the laws of nature, it ſhall contain the following queries:—Is beauty requiſite for woman's advancement in life? Is health neceſſary for her enjoyment of it? And if ſo, why are both ſubject to premature decay, from cauſes which no ſagacity can foreſee, and no prudence avert?' I am not at preſent acquainted with any practiſer in the Engliſh courts, who is a moral philoſopher enough to give me a ſatisfactory opinion.

Alphonſine D'Argennes; or the Victim of Ambition. *(Continued from page 217.)*

'*DELIGHTED* at finding myſelf again free, I thought of nothing but you; I flattered myſelf that you would be able to read my conduct, and that you would diſcover yourſelf to be the principal cauſe: my joy, however, was but of very ſhort duration; your averted looks, the ſound of your voice, overwhelmed me with apprehenſion. Shall I, however, dare acknowledge it? Will you pardon me this reflection, when I tell you that what you ſaid reſpecting Mademoiſelle de Fienne, led me to imagine that I was indebted to her for the treatment I received from you? This thought ſoftened the bitterneſs of my vexation at your conduct, becauſe I determined to confide to you all that had paſſed between that young lady and myſelf; and full of my intention, I repaired the next morning to Madam St. Clare's, where I had the mortification of learning that you had departed for Reigny. I, however, reſolved to follow you thither; every thing was prepared for my journey when I received a note from Figeac, inviting me to meet him the next morning in a retired ſpot at the extremity of the town. I fancied that he was probably ſent by Mademoiſelle de Fienne, who, perhaps, finding herſelf free, had conceived the hope of uniting herſelf to him, and that he was deſirous of conſulting me on the ſubject: I was, however, greatly miſtaken; on my arrival he made me the moſt violent reproaches on my having forſaken a young lady who was ſo tenderly attached to me. 'She is acquainted,' added he, 'with your affection for Mademoiſelle d'Argennes, and it is by her command that I have requeſted this meeting, in order to give you ſome light into that young lady's character.' 'Permit me, Mademoiſelle,' added the chevalier de Fontange, 'to paſs over in ſilence what he had the audacity of adding. Hitherto I had only anſwered him with the greateſt contempt; but when he dared mention your name with diſreſpect, I could no longer contain myſelf. I told him he was a deſpicable wretch, unworthy of the friendſhip I had ſhewn him. He replied by making me recollect that I owed him my life, and inſtantly ruſhed on me, ſword in hand, without giving me time to defend myſelf. I received two wounds, and juſt was going to receive a third, when I drew my ſword and wounded him; and diſarmed, he fell to the

emb

earth. I give you your life, said I, in my turn, and thus I am freed from the obligation of owing any thing to such a villain as yourself.

'During this time my wounds bled profusely, my strength began to fail me, and I should perhaps have been the traitor's victim, whose wound was very trifling, if some peasants, who happened to be passing, had not run to my assistance. They carried me to a neighbouring house, which, by a fortunate chance, belonged to a man who had formerly been a servant in our family. I intreated him to inform the count de Ligny, with whom from my infancy I had been united in the strictest friendship, of my situation. My wounds, which at first were thought very dangerous, took a favourable turn, and soon I was pronounced in a fair way of recovery. I was well acquainted with the count de Ligny's discretion, and determined to confide all my late adventures to him.

'We agreed that he should send a messenger to Reigny, to obtain an interview with you. I could have wished to have written to you, but had my strength permitted me, resolution would have failed.

'Our messenger departed, but soon returned with the news that you were not at the Abbey, but had accompanied madame St Clare to Fargeville. He proceeded thither, but all his attempts to see you were in vain, as he was denied admittance; he added, that the count de Puymarais was at Fargeville. This intelligence drove me to despair. How could I flatter myself that the slender interest you had displayed in my favour, would withstand the aspersions of the world, and the constant attentions of my rival?

'The count de Ligny tried every method to console me: I wished, weak as I was, to go myself to madame St Clare's: but my exertions, and the continual agitation of my mind retarded my cure. To complete my misery, the prince of Aumale was taken ill, and died without granting me his pardon, which I had humbly solicited. The calumnies of Figeac had made him inexorable on my account, and I only awaited the re-establishment of my health in order to punish that wretch, when a more pressing interest deferred my vengeance.

'The count de Ligny, who had been attending the court at Versailles, three days ago entered my apartment with a lively countenance:—'Rejoice,' said he, 'the count de Puymarais, this dreaded rival of your's, is about to be married to the constable's sister. I have heard him myself communicate this to the king.'

'What!' shrieked Alphonsine, 'the count de Puymarais married!' and fell senseless to the ground. The chevalier de Fontange, greatly alarmed, called for help. The Abbess hastily entered, and what was her surprise on beholding her friend, reclining, in a state of insensibility, in the arms of a stranger! Her first thought was to assist her. Though our heroine remained for a considerable time before she opened her eyes, when looking around, she beheld the chevalier de Fontange kneeling before her, and holding one of her hands, on which a tear now and then fell.

'Ah! fly, leave me, chevalier!' she exclaimed, in a feeble voice, 'what I have heard has destroyed my peace for ever.'

'I leave you!' replied he, 'no, never: I shall repine with grief if you refuse to share with me a fortune which I only prize because I am at liberty to offer it to you.' Tears and sobs prevented Alphonsine from replying; at length recovering herself, she said, with difficulty:—

'Hear me, and be convinced that I am a thousand times more wretched than yourself. The count de Puymarais is my husband; but through

the death of my friend, and curate who united us, I am unable to prove my marriage; and now that my honour requires it to be divulged, you inform me that he is indissolubly engaged to another. Judge then of the cruelty of my situation.'

'I perceive it but too well,' exclaimed the chevalier; 'I am no longer permitted to speak to you of my affection, but this shall not prevent me from avenging you of the villain who has so basely betrayed you.'

'Oh! no,' she hastily exclaimed, 'you say you esteem, you pity me, and yet you propose taking vengeance against him to whom I have pledged my faith!' 'You love him, then, madam,' replied the chevalier, in a mournful voice. 'Nothing but affection could restrain a revenge so lawful as yours.'

'His conduct shall not make me swerve from my duty; he will be the father of an unfortunate creature who will call me mother. Should I not respect his life, and would I expose yours? Farewel, sir, Heaven will compassionate my unhappy fate, and will if necessary avenge my wrongs, without the aid of man. Farewel; let us never meet again.'

The chevalier de Fontange, to whom compassion had endeared Alphonsine the more, could not leave her for ever without experiencing the most poignant sorrow.

Our heroine remained very much indisposed for some time after the scene had taken place. Two months after this she was delivered of a son, and as soon as her health would permit, she wrote to the count de Puymarais, to inform him of its birth: all her repugnance having yielded to the desire of persuading him to acknowledge his child; nothing was forgotten in this letter that could excite his pity, and recal him to his duty, but all in vain. She received no answer. However humiliating was her conduct, she resolved to stifle her own feelings for the good of her child, and continued to supplicate him without effect for six months, which was the term of her son's life.

When the first agony of her grief at its loss was over, she wrote to Puymarais the following letter:—

'The death of my child has severed every tie which united me to you. I have left no means untried to save him from the shame you have attached to his birth. For this cause alone I have so frequently applied to you, without having been able to shake your criminal insensibility. May repentance one day implant that virtue in your breast which you know so well how to assume, whilst your heart is the seat of the most odious vices.'

After having dispatched this letter Alphonsine considered herself free, and resolved to take the veil at the Abbey of Reigny. She had passed two months of her noviciate when the woman who had first conducted her thither arrived, accompanied by an old gentleman who wore the order of Malta. They requested to speak to the lady Abbess, and the young lady who had been formerly placed under her care under the name of Mademoiselle D'Argennes. Madame de Rovan on hearing their request said, 'She is in this house; her parents' wishes are fulfilled; she is a nun.'

'Oh! Madam,' hastily exclaimed the old gentleman, 'has she taken the vows?'—'In one month, sir, she will pronounce them.'—'No, no, they must be dispensed with. She must quit the cloister, and console her mother for the loss of her husband and her son, of whom death has deprived her nearly at the same time. Mademoiselle d'Argennes will not refuse to enjoy the fortune to which these events entitle her, and which will make her one of the richest heiresses of the kingdom. Permit me, madam, to speak to her; I am her uncle, and as such I trust she will not refuse my request.'

Mad

Madame de Royan immediately sent for the young novice. As soon as she entered the parlour her uncle informed her that she was daughter to the duke de Joyeuse; that the desire of rendering her brother a rich and powerful nobleman had determined her parents to have her educated within the walls of a cloister, and to wish her to take the veil. But that Heaven had prevented their unjust project; that her brother whose licencious life had ruined his health, had died a victim to debauchery; and that his father, overwhelmed with grief at his loss, had not been able to survive him. 'I have witnessed his sincere repentance,' continued the old gentleman, 'and received his last requests. Come then, my dear niece, and take possession of the immense fortune he has bequeathed you; and endeavour to forget the injustice you have experienced, and which I should have opposed with all my might if I had the slightest suspicion of it.'

'What you inform me of, sir,' replied Alphonsine, will induce me to assume the name to which I am entitled; but nothing can compel me to renounce the resolution I have taken.' —'But you have entered into no engagements, since your vows are not yet pronounced.—My vows would bind me in the eyes of others; but my own firm resolve, and the veil which I wear are sufficient engagements in my own opinion.'

Monsieur de Joyeuse's arguments and entreaties could not shake her resolution. She uttered no complaint against her mother; but said, that the manner she had been treated by the authors of her birth dispensed her from a submissive obedience to their will. Madame de Royan whome monsieur de Joyeuse intreated to join her entreaties to his, was too well acquainted with the young novice's misfortunes and her disposition, to have any hopes of succeeding. Convinced that he could not obtain her consent, he departed, after having given her a list of the estates which fell to her disposal, and informed her mother of her fixed determination.

Alphonsine's letter to Puymarais had not only awakened remorse in his heart, but rekindled all the flames of love. The consciousness of being despised and hated, and the bitter regret of having willingly resigned a prize whose full value he was now able to appreciate, rent his soul, and almost plunged him into insanity. 'Repentance,' he would often exclaim, 'erases guilt; and mine will regain the heart of this beloved woman, without whom I now feel I cannot bear the weight of existence.' His marriage with the constable's sister had not taken place; he was free, and his duty, now strengthened by inclination, led him to make public his union whith Alphonsine, and raise her to the rank and fortune to which she was entitled. Fraught with hope, he repaired to Reigny, and solicited an interview with the lady Abbess, not doubting but she would prove a conciliating angel between them, and through friendship, or even religion, would induce Alphonsine to embrace the offers of a man to whom she had pledged her faith. He no sooner heard of her determination, than despair fastened on his soul. His excessive grief filled madame de Royan's bosom with compassion, and she promised to exert her influence in his behalf. 'A single interview, this is all I now request,' he exclaimsd, throwing himself at the Abbess's feet, 'let her only see and hear me for a moment; my repentance, my remorse, her virtue will speak eloquently in my favour. She will not behold my tears unmoved, and will not, by unrelenting severity expose me to the wild violence of hopeless despair.'

'M. de Puymarais's base perfidiousness,' replied Alphonsine to madame de Royan, when she mentioned his request, 'has freed me from the

engagments of which he now wiſhes to avail himſelf. Let him, if ſuch be his will, publiſh my ſhame, it will be buried in this houſe; and I ſhall find it eaſier to bear its burden, than to behold and hear a man for whom I entertain the juſteſt and deepeſt contempt.'

This denial did not diſhearten Puymarais; he attempted many ways to penetrate into Alphonſine's preſence, but in vain. Maddened with deſpair, he at laſt reſolved to conceal himſelf in the neighbourhood of the Abbey, await the day when his victim would pronounce her vows, and regardleſs of the ſacredneſs of the ſeremony and the place, to tear her from the altar before ſhe had renounced the world. A few minutes before the appointed hour, he repaired to the church; but when he beheld her approaching, when he ſaw the ſhroud ſuſpended over her head, the conviction that he alone had compelled her to deſend alive into the tomb, and the recollection that ſhe preferred ſacrificing herſelf to accepting his offers of reconciliation and reſuming her rank as his wife, awoke the keeneſt anguiſh in his boſom. In vain he ſtruggled to contain it; his tears and ſobs were noticed by the crowd, and his doleful moans grew ſo loud, that he was dragged away into the apartment deſtined to ſtrangers. Here the violence of his deſpair increaſed, and the moſt careful attention could ſcarcely prevent him from attempting his own life. At laſt he received an injunction from Alphonſine to leave the convent; and after renewing his ſupplications, promiſes, and threats without ſucceſs, obeyed her commands, and returned to one of his eſtates, where a conſumptive languor, in a ſhort time, put a period to his grief and his exiſtence.

Meanwhile the tumult which had taken place in the church excited the aſtoniſhment and diſapprobation of the nuns, who, unuſed to ſcenes of confuſion, requeſted the lady Abbeſs to delay the ceremony, and to ſubject the novice to a freſh examination. It was not in madame de Royan's power to refuſe an application which proceeded from the whole community, and Alphonſine was compelled to yield to their wiſhes.

The day appointed for the examination was not yet arrived when the chevalier de Fontanges repaired to the Abbey of Reigny. He had learned the alteration that had taken place in the circumſtances and fortune of Mademoiſelle de Joyeuſe, and hoped, notwithſtanding ſhe had forbidden his viſits, that her intentions would undergo a ſimilar change; he therefore haſtened to Reigny, and requeſted an interview. She reſolved not to wound his feelings by a refuſal, and deſcended to the parlour, where he awaited her in anxious expectation. They remained for a while unable to ſpeak, —but how expreſſive of grief was their ſilence! The chevalier's cheeks were drowned with tears, and the ſight of the ſacred garb which ſhe wore filled him with ſo much terror that he continued motionleſs on his ſeat. Endowed with ſuperior reſolution, though not leſs agitated, Alphonſine at laſt broke this mornful ſilence.

'My misfortunes, ſir,' ſhe exclaimed, 'have ruled my choice.'—'Alas!' cried the chevalier, 'I ought not to have ſeen you; how dearly ſhall I repay this favour: but is your fatal reſolution never to be ſhaken? ſhall you, when your family repents its former neglect—.'—'Let us forget its injuſtice; my ſituation compels me to adopt this deſign; ſolitude alone will afford me a refuge from a world where I have loſt the right to appear.'—'Why ſhould you bear the puniſhment which the moſt guilty of men, Puymarais, ſolely deſerves? No; you muſt not leave the world you were created to adorn, to enrich ſociety, it would be criminal in you

to forſake the ſphere in which you were deſtined to ſhine for our happineſs.'

'Chevalier,' exclaimed Alphonſine, whilſt her eyes beamed mild affection, 'it is not difficult to leave the world when we cannot hope to live with thoſe who might have made it lovely to our ſight.'—'What have you owned, Alphonſine! Heavens! ſhall I taſte at once happineſs and miſery! Never will I renounce the hopes which your words have raiſed.'—'Be ſatisfied, ſir, with the avowal I have had the weakneſs to make. Had I obeyed the feelings of my heart, they were all in your favour, ſhe would have led me—but I fancied you had deceived me, and this error has hurled me into the gulph of woe.'—'And will you not, Alphonſine allow me to ſoothe your pains, to reſtore bliſs.'—'Never; you would deem me unworthy of your eſteem, were I weak enough to grant your requeſt. Should my misfortunes remain buried in eternal ſilence, were I even convinced that they ſhould never reach your ears, it would be ſufficient for me to be acquainted with them to loſe every hope of felicity on earth. For how could I be happy if I were inceſſantly compelled to hide ſuch a fatal knowledge from my deareſt friend. But let us cloſe an interview which has already laſted too long, and believe that the forgetfulneſs of the injuries which have been inflicted upon me is neither the only nor the greateſt ſacrifice I have offered to Heaven to appeaſe its wrath.'

She ruſhed out of the parlour as ſhe pronounced theſe words, and left Fontange in a ſtate which imagination alone can conceive. In order to ſtrengthen her reſolution, ſhe ſought the Abbeſs, and requeſted her to engaged the chevalier to forget his love, bid adieu to the convent, and ſeek for happineſs in a world where ſhe had reaped only miſery.

Foutanges would have preferred death to leaving the convent in which his Alphonſine ſtill exiſted free, but the wiſe counſels of the Abbeſs, and the refuſal of Mademoiſelle de Joyeuſe to grant him another interview, triumphed at laſt over his oppoſition, and he ſought for conſolation in diſtant lands, where for two years he carried his unceaſing grief. His leave of abſence being at laſt expired, he was recalled to his native country, where he reſumed his uſual functions at court, but not his former gaiety. During this period Alphonſine, who had aſſumed the name of ſiſter Eulalie, wept over the corps of her faithful friend the Abbeſs; after whoſe death ſhe obtained the permiſſion of leaving a place which had ceaſed to poſſeſs any charms for her, and to repair to the nunery of St. Anthony, at Paris; where her virtues more than her riches, made her experience a kind welcome.

On his return to the metropolis, the chevalier de Fontanges requeſted the permiſſion of ſeeing her. Time and reflection had cooled the violence of his love, and he expreſſed to her no other ſentiments than thoſe her conſcience allowed her to hear. The ſtorm of the paſſions had ſubſided, a pleaſing calm followed its burſts; lovers no longer, they taſted the ſweets of ſincere friendſhip. Alphonſine attempted frequently, but in vain, to perſuade Fontanges to form new bridal ties—'My heart is dead to love,' he would anſwer whilſt refuſing various offers which were made to him, 'it is now only alive for friendſhip.'

E. R.

Thoughts on Time,

IT has been ſaid that 'no one is ſo buſy as he who has nothing to do;' and although this at firſt appears to be a manifeſt inconſiſtency, perhaps our cooler judgment may incline us to conſider this aſſertion as having greater foundation in truth than is gen- on

rally allowed. Time is applied by various people to various purpoſes: many miſapply it, and none apply it ſo well as they might, yet we all agree in complaining of its ſhort duration, without reflecting that the time which is loſt by every one, in a greater or leſs degree, would be found more than ſufficient for every purpoſe of our lives. We forget, that to keep pace with time not an hour ſhould be ſuffered to paſs unnoticed—procraſtination will inſenſibly ſteal like a habit upon us, and we ſhall perceive days and years to paſs away, without having reſolution ſufficient to ſhake off the ſlothfulneſs of cuſtom or inclination, ſo as to make ſuch a proper uſe of the fleeting hours as ſhall leave us no cauſe to regret their departure. Lord Bolinbroke, in his letter on the uſe of retirement and ſtudy, has very juſtly obſerved, that 'the term itſelf is long; we render it ſhort; and the want we complain of flows from our profuſion, not from our poverty.' Like the miſer with his hoards, we are perpetually craving for more, although we know not how to make a good uſe of that which we already poſſeſs.

It is the conſtant practice of many to poſtpone whatever they have to do till a future time: nothing is more dangerous or deluſive than this cuſtom; a thouſand things may intervene to prevent the accompliſhment of our intentions, and unleſs ſome ſufficient reaſon could be aſſigned for the delay, it might be very juſtly obſerved, that we hazard a great deal to gain nothing. To put off till to-morrow that which may be done to-day, is but, in other words, to gratify our own ſluggiſhneſs or inactivity. Some employment may be found for every day, and there is no one, however far removed he may be from the cuſtomary purſuits and avocations of life, but may diſcover ſome means of appropriating his time, ſo as to render it beneficial to himſelf and [illegible]. Whoever has obſerved human nature attentively will have remarked, that perſons of an active diſpoſition are rarely unemployed, but that it requires more than ordinary care to rouſe others who may be of an indolent habit into any degree of exertion. It does not depend ſo much upon what we have to do, as whether our inclinations may prompt us to do it. Many contrive to be of ſervice to ſociety, without having any fixed or ſettled employment; while others, who have numerous motives for exertion, waſte their time in fruitleſs inactivity, neglecting thoſe duties which, in the ſeveral relative capacities of huſband, father, child, brother, or friend, every one has to fulfil.

Notwithſtanding all that has been ſaid and written in praiſe of eaſe and retirement, I am perſuaded that no ſtate is ſo capable of affording happineſs as that of conſtant employment. It is certainly deſirable that ever hour ſhould bring its occupation, and whatever it may be, I am convinced it will engage the mind ſo fully, as to leave no vacancy remaining for repining or diſcontent, but on the contrary, when the accompliſhment of our taſte ſhall afford us leiſure, we ſhall look back with complacency on our own exertions, and feel that we have not been altogether unworthy members of ſociety; but have applied our times ſo as not only to eſcape cenſure, but to deſerve praiſe.

It would be well for every one if they would inquire at the end of the week, how they have ſpent the laſt ſeven days, and whether the retroſpect will afford them ſatisfaction. We fear, indeed, if this were to be the caſe, that every one would find ſomething to repent of, either from applying time to improper purpoſes, or not applying it to any purpoſe whatever; yet we ſhould either way obtain a ſalutary leſſon, and it would depend on ourſelves to make a proper uſe of it.

For thoſe, however, who take no active ſhare in the general affairs or tranſactions of the world, a fixed and conſtant employment is as eſſentially neceſſary, as for others who are buſily engaged in it, ſince the latter have always ſome object in view, which is an advantage the former do not poſſeſs. From having no ſettled employment indeed, even if they are diſpoſed to exert themſelves, while they are heſitating in what manner to appropriate their time, the day ſteals inſenſibly away and the decide on nothing. Another day comes, and their reſolution is not fixed, and thus months and years paſs away without advantage even to thoſe who are actively diſpoſed. How then goes the time with thoſe who are naturally indolent: they indulge in their inactivity, they repine at every thing which requires exertion, and they put off from day to day thoſe things which ought to be accompliſhed immediately. A fixed employment would prevent all this waſte of time, the active would not have occaſion to conſider where their ſervices were required, and the indolent would be ſtimulated to exertion by the incitements of emulation or ſelf intereſt.

To detach ourſelves from ſociety, and to reſign thoſe active ſcenes of life, where employment is always to be found, ought rather to be ſhunned than deſired. Even the cares of this world, by giving us an intereſt in the actions of others, are in ſome degree beneficial, as they tend to attach us to ſociety. Whatever may be the vices or follies of the age, however inconſiſtent or deluſive the actions and profeſſions of men, we ought not to reject all becauſe ſome are unworthy. Society is ſtill valuable, and if we are too frequently diſguſted with the preſumption of ignorance or licentiouſneſs, there is ſtill ſufficient virtue remaining to atone for all this corruption in human nature, if we would exert ourſelves to ſeek it with perſeverance and aſſiduity, and learn to reſpect it wherever it is found. But to fly to ſolitude becauſe we are diſpleaſed with the world, is as unavailing as it is injudicious. A want of employment will generate a fretfulneſs in our diſpoſition, which will corrode all our happineſs. We ſhall loſe the allurements of hope, and the hours will paſs liſtleſſly away without notice, regard, or enjoyment.

I do not know from whence a more ſtriking inſtance of this nature can be adduced than from one of Shenſtone's letters to a friend, which I have ſeen publiſhed, though I cannot now recollect where. Shenſtone was a warm enthuſiaſtic admirer of nature, with taſte to embelliſh and ability to improve it, as far as human fancy could extend. Yet in the midſt of an earthly paradiſe, a ſpot ſcarcely to be equalled in the kingdom, he confeſſed that he was not happy, and that he had not ſufficient intercourſe with the world to feel any intereſt in the common occurrences of life. His days paſſed without pain indeed, but they were alſo without pleaſure. While he was engaged in perfecting his improvements, his mind was employed, and he had no leiſure to nouriſh diſcontent, but when his wiſhes were accompliſhed, and he had no longer any object to which he could look forward with expectation or pleaſure, he beheld every thing around him without regard, and he ſighed for a variety, which all the beauties of his Leaſowes could not afford him. He acknowledged to his friend that it was wrong to turn aſide from the turnpike-road of life, and to forſake the cuſtomary avocations of the world; and if Shenſtone could not be happy in retirement, who is there that can expect to be ſo? He very likely roſe without knowing how to paſs the day, and retired to reſt becauſe he was wearied with indolence—he had no ſettled occupati-

on

on for his hours—every ſpecies of employment became gradually wearifome from frequent repetition, inactivity produced regret, and hence he became diſcontented and unhappy.

Without hope we ſhall always become indifferent to the tranſactions of the world, and cheriſh a diſguſt inimical to the better feelings of our nature. To prevent ſo depreſſive a ſtate of mind, conſtant employment is the moſt effectual means. We ſhall, it is true, in this as well as in every other occupation of our lives, meet with vexation and diſappointment, yet it may be confidently hoped that we ſhall find many advantages to counteract our cares, and if our lives be chequered with good and evil, we ſhall ſtill keep hope in view, to cheer us in the hour of affliction, and animate us in the time of ſucceſs; and while our endeavours are directed to promote the general welfare of mankind, we ſhall feel an inward ſatisfaction reſulting from time well ſpent, ſufficient to ſupport us in every misfortune, with which the wiſdom of an over-ruling Providence may think fit to afflict us. B. S. E.

Shakſpeare's Learning. By Caſtel Loffi, Eſq.

I HAVE been reperuſing dr. Farmer's Eſſay on the learning of Shakſpeare. I continue to think that he was neither ſo unlearned as Farmer, nor ſo learned as Upton ſuppoſes; but that he imbibed a decent tincture of the learning (I mean in languages) of that learned age, and more than a common ſhare of general information, even were we to conſider him as of the preſent age, when general information is certainly more diffuſed.

Dr. Farmer cannot believe he ever was a ſchoolmaſter. I ſee no improbability as to his having been, from ſixteen, when boys at that time even went to college, an uſher in ſome ſchool.

On the claim of Heywood to the two tranſlations from Ovid, I confeſs that there are doubts and difficulties. Heywood might tranſlate the two epiſtles and Shakſpeare too; and with the raſhneſs of vanity might have ſaid, without ever vending them, that the were his. But if Heywood had republiſhed them verbatim, either he has made a falſe claim, and while Shakſpeare yet lived; or Jaggard, who might do ſo without the knowledge of Shakſpeare, who ſeems to have been habitually careleſs of his works, muſt have publiſhed Heywood's poems unwarrantably as Shakſpeare's. Of the character of Heywood, except that he was a voluminous writer, I know little. And whichever way I turn, I find, upon this ſtrange queſtion, only a choice of exceeding great difficulties. There is certainly nothing in the tranſlations of a value which could be reaſonably ſuppoſed to tempt the ingenuous ſpirit of Shakſpeare to a moſt diſingenuous claim. That he ſhould be ignorant of the conduct of Jaggard, is leſs ſtrange than it would be now. That Jaggard may be innocent, and the preſumption and injuſtice be imputable to Heywood, ſeems more likely than that they ſhould not be Shakſpeare's, eſpecially as they have paſſages, which have the air of his diction and of his numbers. Were it an iſſue at law, and with no more evidence than we poſſeſs, the determination would certainly be that they are Shakſpeare's upon every principle of legal evidence and preſumption. And if they were Heywood's, why did he not offer ſome evidence beyond mere aſſertion, and when he publiſhed them as his, after they had been publiſhed as Shakſpeare's, juſtify the act, by ſome circumſtances to ſupport his claim?

Treſſon Hall, 11 S. 1808.

Further

Further Remarks.

WITH regard to the Shakſperian queſtion, the more I think of it the more my confidence ſtrengthens.

If he had been incapable of tranſlating Ovid for want of ſufficient knowledge of Latin, many of his contemporaries would have been glad to have told us ſo. But for a century and an half, there appears to have been no ſuſpicion of his not being the author of thoſe tranſlations. The ſuſpicion when it comes, comes too late, and is unſupported by any ſhadow of proof. His Venus and Adonis, which is ſo much Shakſpeare in its faults and in its beauties, is not only prefaced by that ſpirited and appropriate diſtich—'*Vila miretur vulgus*,' with which a young poet ignorant of Latin would hardly have introduced it to the earl of Southampton, but it almoſt tranſlates the Virgilian deſcription of a horſe in the Georgics, and the fine Homeric and Virgilan ſimile, '*Qualis ubi abruptis*.'

It is not enough to ſay he could get theſe hints from tranſlations. His ſtyle is too deeply tinctured with *Latin* idiom to leave it credible to me that he was ignorant of Latin.

That he leaves but few indications of *claſſic* reading, is not wonderful. His facility of invention and compoſition, the fervour and promptneſs, and ſingular poetic character of his vaſt and rapid mind, hurried him far away. The etherial ſpirit of what he had learnt from books, he extracted, he aſſimilated, and raiſed it to higher powers by his own energies.

However great had been his knowledge of either antient or modern languages, or both, I am little inclined to think that he would have made it very appearent. His ſubjects for the moſt part gave him no great or frequent opportunity, even if he were inclined to it, to give proof of this learning.

He had his own *admirable* dramatic character. This, of all kinds of poetry, requirs a reſerve as to imitation. His other poetic remains, which have come down to us, are in quantity but ſmall; and chiefly of a kind where he was more likely to imitate, and I think not unfrequently has imitated, the Italian poetry.

Hulkem. A Tale. *(Continued from page 238.)*

ONE day as Haſſan was ſitting in the ſhade of a palm-tree, thinking with cheerful looks of his happineſs and munificence, a traveller bent his ſteps towards his manſion, his head reclining almoſt on his breaſt, whilſt his brow was covered with wrinkles and his eyes moiſtened with tears.' 'A perſon in diſtreſs, who comes to me for aſſiſtance!' exclaimed Haſſan; but the ſtranger took no notice of Haſſan's palace, nor did he ſtop to reſt himſelf in the ſhade of the palm-trees, proceeding quickly onward. Haſſan accoſted him, and after repeated and preſſing invitations, the ſtranger conſented at laſt to take a ſeat by Haſſan's ſide in the moſt gloomy part of the grove. Haſſan inquiring after the cauſe of his grief, the ſtranger related:—'My name is Helim; my ſole happineſs conſiſted in a loving wife, the moſt charming woman in all Bagdad. We loved each other with unſpeakable tenderneſs, and were as happy as the bleſſed ſpirits in heaven. One evening we were ſitting in our little garden, adjoining our cottage; my wife ſang to the ſweet ſtrains of the lute, whilſt I reclined on flowers at her feet, hanging with tender looks on her lovely countenance, expreſſive of the moſt ardent love for me, when ſuddenly my garden-gate was forced open, and Ibrahim, the caliph's favourite, entered. My wife drew her veil over her face, whilſt I roſe to meet Ibraiham, inquiring, in accents of the profoundeſt reſpect, what was

his

his pleasure? 'I wish to ascertain whether the face of that sweet songstress is as charming as her voice.' My wife removed her veil at my request, and Ibrahim's eyes flashed with desire. He drew me aside, offering me a thousand pieces of gold for my wife; and when I declined the acceptance of his offer, he ordered his slaves to carry off my wife by force. She was torn with violence out of my arms, notwithstanding my furious resistance and her tears. I complained to the caliph of the baseness of his favourite, but perjured witnesses were produced against me, and the caliph ordered me to quit Bagdad on pain of death.'

When Helim had finished the mournful recital of his misfortune, he covered his face with his hands to conceal his tears. 'Unfortunate man!' exclaimed Hassan, clasping him affectionately to his bosom, 'I will try what I can do for you; follow me to my palace!' Hassan conducted Helim into his mansion, and having entered with him the apartment of his female slaves, said—'Which of them appears to you the most charming? take her with you, and forget your wife.' But Helim replied with gloomy looks,—'Most gracious Hassan, how little are you acquainted with the power of virtuous love! Not even the most charming slave of the caliph himself would be capable of rendering me happy, and assuaging the grief that preys on my bleeding heart.'

Hassan requested Helim to stay a few days with him, and Helim accepted the invitation. Hassan sent in the mean time one of his stewards to Bagdad, to offer to the caliph's favourite the most charming woman of his haram in exchange for Helim's wife; but Ibrahim commanded Hassan to interfere no farther in Helim's behalf as he valued his life.

'You see,' said Hassan to the unfortunate Helim, 'what I have risked to serve you; it is not in my power to repair your loss. Take as much of my gold as you chuse, and leave me the satisfaction to have done at least something to relieve your distress.'

Helim thanked Hassan for his generosity, and quitted his palace, whilst his benefactor looked after him saying,—'Surely Hulkem could not have done more.'

A few days after this incident, a palankin, escorted by a horseman, stopped at Hassan's palace. Hassan went to receive the travellers, and at the first look recognized Helim. Helim alighted from his horse, and threw himself in Hassan's arms, exclaiming in rapturous accents:—'Rejoice at my happiness, generous Hassan; I have recovered my wife, and am going to fly far from Bagdad, in order to escape the artful design of the caliph's favourite.' Helim's wife had in the mean time alighted from the palankin, and all three seated themselves on a bench beneath a palm-tree. 'And how have you become happy?' asked Hassan. 'Hulken, the best of men, has made made me happy.'—He related now, amidst copious tears of grateful emotion, how Hulkem had rendered him happy.

When Helim had left Hassan, who could not restore his wife to him, he went whither chance, the road, and his sorrows led him, and after a few days journey stopped beneath Hulkem's palm-trees. Hulkem descried the unfortunate traveller as he passed, and joined him, as though he was going the same road.

'The great prophet has assistance for every sufferer!' With such words Hulkem accosted the gloomy Helim. 'For every one, myself excepted,' replied Helim, relating his fate to the good old man. During the relation Hulkem had led the young man by an unfrequented path to his humble abode, which was

tuated at some distance from the building destined for the reception of travellers. He requested Helim to enter his cottage, and Helim related how generously Hassan had interested himself for him. 'Hassan's generosity,' replied Hulkem, 'has anticipated every thing I can do for you, except endeavouring to dispel your sorrows a few days, if you will do me the favour to stop at my cottage.' Helim accepted the old man's offer, and was treated with every tender attention his misfortune required. Hulkem being obliged the next morning to absent himself a few days from his cottage, in order to settle some important concern, he prevailed upon Helim to stay with his daughter, and to be her protector till his return.

Hulkem went to Bagdad, placing himself in a spot which the caliph passed every day; and when the monarch came near him, prostrated himself exclaiming:—'Ruler of the faithful, I have to reveal a conspiracy against your life, and, what is yet more important, against your honour. You see I am an old man, and intending to devote the few years I may yet have to live to the service of my country, honour cannot be my motive; I am on the verge of the grave; my son has already gone to a better world, and my circumstances are affluent. Listen to what I am going to reveal; but grant me a private audience, and you shall know who is the betrayer of your honour.'—The caliph took Hulkem with him to his palace, where after he had ordered his attendants to retire, the old man informed him of his favourite's baseness.

'The people,' added he, 'adore you, for you are as beneficent as the Almighty; history will record your name with veneration for your love of justice, but you should consider that your own actions are blended indiscriminately with those of your favourites; for under the protection which your name affords them, they do as they please; and every robbery, every act of oppression which they commit, derogates from your honour and greatness. I demand justice, and request that the wife of my friend may be liberated; you cannot reject my request, since you are the father and judge of your people.'

The caliph surveyed with surprise and awe the bold and interesting old man, whose eyes flashed with indignant courage. 'And what advantage do you expect to derive from exposing your life to imminent danger?'

'The consciousness of dying in the performance of a good action; but my prince surely cannot commit an act of injustice.'

'No,' replied the caliph; 'your words, old man, have had a wonderful effect upon me. A good angel has assisted you: for no mortal has as yet dared to speak with such an independent spirit in my presence. Go, now, I shall send for you when your presence is wanted.'

Hulkem withdrew, and Ibrahim was called in. 'Ibrahim,' said the caliph sternly, 'the first act of injustice which you commit will cost you your life. Let this be publicly proclaimed in Bagdad, and without delay send Helim's wife to me.' Ibrahim was struck mute, trembling like an aspen leaf; and in a few minutes Hulkem had the satisfaction of quitting Bagdad, with Helim's happy wife.

After two days journey he arrived with her at his house, where Helim and Hulkem's daughter were sitting under the shade of the palm trees, enjoying the cool breezes of the evening.

'The great prophet has assistance for every unfortunate sufferer!' said Hulkem, trembling with joy, then removing the veil from the face of the happy woman, speechless with rapture, he gave her to Helim's bosom.

The happy couple were so overpowered with joy, that they did not even take the least notice of the beneficent old man, who contemplated the beautiful scene with heavenly pleasure. At length, as they were going to throw themselves at Hulkem's feet, he embraced them, while tears of sympathy gushed from his eyes, and exclaimed: 'I am indebted to you; you owe me no obligation; for I am the happiest of all:' he ordered a palankin and a horse to be got ready, and dismissed them with heartfelt satisfaction.

During this recital Hassan sat mute with his eyes fixed upon the ground; he beheld with secret envy the tears of gratitude which flowed down the cheeks of the happy couple; he was seized with rage at the encomiums of Hulkem's generosity, which flowed from the lips of Helim and his lovely wife. Wretch that I am, thought Hassan, I shall never become renowned whilst Hulkem lives! 'Is Hulkem old?' abruptly questioned he his guests. 'God preserve the life of the good old man; he is already eighty years old. God bless him for his generosity and humanity.

Hassan dismissed his friends coldly, almost unkindly; for they spoke of nothing but Hulkem. Perhaps, thought he, whem Hulkem is by himself, a close observer may discover faults in the old man, which are overlooked by the unfortunate wretches whom he flatters and bribes by presents.

Hassan had a friend, whom long intimacy, habit, similarity of sentiments, and Hassan's love and generosity, had united to him by the strongest bonds. Hassan requested this friend to go to Hulkem, to watch his steps, and to inform him of the result of his observations. His friend complied with his request, and when Hassan, after the lapse of some months, informed him by a letter that he wished for his return, his friend, in answer, wrote him the following passage, extracted from the Koran: 'Man, when you live under the roof of an honest man, then do not break down the protecting asylum, for thou livest in the presence of the godhead. I live with Hulkem; I love him, and shall deem myself happy, if he will cast a look of friendship on me. Hassan, I must cease calling thee my friend; for thou dost not love Hulkem. Thy good actions are like chaff, which is scattered by the air, but Hulkem's deeds are like pure gold. Happy the mortal who gathers it.'—Hassan's friend continued with Hulkem.

Whilst Hassan held this letter in his hands, the redness of wrath suffused his cheeks:— 'Shut the gates!' cried he to his slaves; 'a fool only would be hospitable and generous any longer.' He now shunned all society, preferring the gloomy solitude of the palm grove. 'The old man,' exclaimed he in furious accents, 'has robbed me of my fame, my friend, and my happiness. He, who makes others happy, has rendered me wretched. Unhappy me!' His hand instinctively grasped the hilt of his dagger.

His gates were shut; no traveller was permitted to rest in the shade of his palm-trees; and Hassan's appearance was like that of a person agitated by an horrid dream. 'He has robbed me of the happiness of my life; his blood shall attone for the injury. I shall not rob him of any thing but a few paltry moments, and, perhaps, again renew the source of generosity in my callous heart! Hulkem shall die!'

Hassan concealed a dagger in his bosom, and went in disguise to Hulkem's house. Whilst on the road he met with none but happy people, who sang hymns in praise of Hulkem, their generous benefactor. His own name was not mentioned. Hassan's fury grew more violent every mo-

ment;

ment: he seated himself on a bench near Hulkem's mansion: a slave offered him refreshments, but Hassan declined to accept them, enquiring of the slave where Hulkem was? 'He is not often here,' replied the slave kindly, 'but he will be here to-morrow.'

Hassan rose, and withdrawing into the palm-grove, rambled to a crystal rill absorbed in thought: here he sat down on the turf, then got up, seated himself again, got up a second time, plucked a flower, and scattered its leaves about, till at last he mechanically approached, by a serpentine walk, a small cottage, encircled by fragrant lime-trees. He there descried a girl sitting on the turf, not far from the cottage, with a book in her hand. He was screened from her view by lofty rose-bushes near the spot where she was sitting: her face was concealed by a slight veil, whose transparency afforded him a glimpse of her lovely countenance. Hassan stood motionless as a statue, contemplating the charming maid. His wrath had subsided, and his fury was subdued. He stepped nearer; the rose bushes rustled; the maiden raised her beautiful and sparkling eyes, and descried Hassan; she threw down the roll of parchment, and ran to meet the enraptured Hassan.

'You are a stranger,' said she to Hassan, with a voice as sweet as the notes of a lute, and blushing with the most enchanting modesty; 'will you step into the cottage? You come——'

'From Hulkem's mansion.'

'You are welcome,' resumed the maiden, smiling, 'to whatever our humble cottage can afford.

'Your cottage contains more than all the wealth in Hulkem's possession could procure.'

'You are very kind. But will you not step in?'

'Why may we not continue on this spot, the abode of every thing that can be called amiable.

'Do as you chose. My father is not at home; you must be my guest.'

The girl went into the cottage, and soon returned with dates and melons, figs and sweet oranges, milk and water, and placed her simple viands before Hassan, who could not refrain from gazing at her lovely and innocent countenance whilst she offered him the choicest fruits.

Hassan, seeing a lute lay on the ground, requested the maiden to play to him. She took up the lute, and played to Hassan in a style which affected the inmost fibres of his heart. His rapture was unspeakable, and he could not help exclaiming in strains of warmest enthusiam,—'Incomparable, most accomplished of women!'

The maid blushed at Hassan's applause, making a shake on the lute which must have broken the string, had not Hassan reminded her of the injury the instrument might receive. She now requested him to sing, and he accompanied the silver strains of her lute with a skill which drew expressions of rapture from her lips; her hand dropped on her lap; she listened, blushed, and listened again, and when Hassan had finished, his lips touched her hand, which he fervently pressed against his heart.—'Stranger,' exclaimed the beauteous maid abruptly, and in confusion, 'you sing uncommonly well!' 'Who could do any thing indifferently in your presence?' replied Hassan; and both gazed at each other for some moments, without being sensible of any thing but a palpitation of their heart.

Hassan sat a long while in profound silence by the side of the charming maid, his eyes expressing the ardour of his love. The maiden could not bear his scrutinizing looks, casting her eyes to the ground, whilst a crimson hue diffused itself over her face. They both were silent; Hassan's hand

hand gradually ſtole neare that of his fair companion: ſhe perceived it by a ſide glance; her hand ſhrunk, as if ſhe were going to withdraw it not.

'Ah ſweeteſt girl!' ſighed Haſſan laying his hand upon her's, when the hands of both began viſibly to tremble. The girl anſwered not, nor did ſhe withdraw her hand, her boſom panted.

Thus they remained ſiting till the ſun deſcended behind the palm grove, when the maid ſuddenly exclaimed, —'My father!' upon which a cheerful old man ſtepped out of the buſhes, and haſtening towards the girl, kiſſed her brow with paternal tenderneſs. He then offered his hand to Haſſan, and having made him ſit down again, enquired after his name, Haſſan told him his name was Nadir.

'And what buſineſs has brought you hither, friend Nadir?'

'I wiſh to convince myſelf whether Hulkem really be the beſt and moſt generous of men, which all travellers pronounce him to be.'

'Yes, yes, people believe he is,' replied the old man ſmiling; 'and, for ought I know, they may have reaſon to think ſo; but as for myſelf—'

'What do you think of him?' interrupted Haſſan eagerly.

'I frequently have reaſon to be diſſatisfied with him.'

'But do you know him ſufficiently?'

'As well as my ownſelf; I have been his conſtant companion from his youth, and the ſharer of all his ſecrets.'

'You then do not think that he is ſo wiſe, generous, and good, as he is reported to be?'

'May the great prophet preſerve me from entertaining that opinion of Hulkem.'

'Heaven be praiſed!' rejoined Haſſan with animation, claſping the old man to his heart, 'I too, old friend, have great reaſon to be diſſatisfied with Hulkem.'

The old man ſmiled with marks of acid contentment, ſqueezing the young man's hand: 'Come with me to my cottage, we muſt become better acquainted with each other; I ſee by your flaſhing eyes that you love truth. Come along with me, my cottage and all that I have is at your ſervice.'

They went into the cottage.

The old man was no other perſon but Hulkem himſelf; he beckoned to his daughter not to diſcover his name, whilſt they ſeated themſelves upon a ſimple ſofa, Zulima taking a ſeat oppoſite to them to liſten to their converſation.

'Nadir,' reſumed Hulkem, laying hold of the young man's hand, 'I like you, you may rely upon it that every thing I have is at your ſervice. You will oblige me by conſidering all I have as your own. I may, perhaps, be able to atone to you for the injury you ſeem to have ſuffered by Hulkem.'

'All that you have?' enquired Haſſan timidly, caſting a tender melancholy look on Zulima.

'Yes, all!' rejoined Hulkem.

'You have a daughter,' ſaid Haſſan, Zulima alternately bluſhed and turned as pale as a lily.

'I have a daughter;' replied the old man kindly.

'And did you not ſay that all you have is to be mine? May I call your daughter mine?'

My daughter?' ſaid Hulkem, ſmiling 'ſurely that cannot be your meaning: ſay, do you not wiſh to obtain poſſeſſion of her heart? But this is not mine ſo much as you might wiſh.

Zulima flew from her ſeat, throwing herſelf into her father's arms, and exclaimed with unaffected tenderneſs: —'Who could poſſeſs more of my heart than the beſt of fathers?'

'The heart of my *child!*' replied Hulkem, but that young man ſues for the heart of a *miſtreſs.*'

Haſſa

Haſſan flung himſelf down at Zulima's feet, ſeizing her hand and preſſing it to his lips.

'And what ſays my Zulima?' aſked the father, whilſt a tear ſtarted from his eye, at the ſame time he laid hold of Zulima's hand, preſſing it to his heart.

'My heart pleads for him,' ſaid Zulima, deeply bluſhing; 'but I do not know him.

'I am Haſſan!' exclaimed the young man eagerly, forgetful of his diſguiſe.

'Haſſan!' repeated the father and his daughter ſeized with aſtoniſhment, 'the generous, beneficent Haſſan!'—'Ah my boding heart!' whiſpered Zulima, caſting a tender look on Haſſan. 'Your countenance beſpeaks your virtue!' ſaid Hulkem, raiſing Haſſan from the ground, and claſping him to his heart: 'Generous man! praiſed be providence for having directed you to my cottage, and to the heart of my daughter. But, dear Haſſan, you know, as yet only the perſon of my child, this, indeed, is charming enough. I muſt acquaint you firſt with her defects before I can permit you to ſue for the hand.'

'And would Zulima beſtow this hand upon me, together with all her defects?' ſaid Haſſan, drawing nearer towards the bluſhing maid. Zulima replied, 'I am my father's daughter. He ſays that my heart is a treaſure; render yourſelf deſerving of poſſeſſing it.' Zulima diſappeared behind the curtains, and went into the garden, walking up and down between the roſe-buſhes.'

'Hearken, dear Haſſan,' reſumed Hulkem familiarly, 'you ſue for the heart of my daughter; but I muſt tell you that you will have to contend for poſſeſſion of it with a rival.'

Haſſan turned pale; and aſked in trembling accents,—'And who is that rival?'

'He is a dreadful rival, more dreadful than you may think.'

'Is Hulkem!'

'Hulkem? By the living God his doom is unalterably fixed!' exclaimed Haſſan, ſtarting up with furious looks.

'But, Haſſan, why are you thus enraged at him; in what has Hulkem offended you? Is he not an imitator of your virtues; is he not as zealous as yourſelf in doing good?'

'This is the very cauſe of my vexation, my father; whenever I intend to do a good action, Hulkem has got the ſtart of me; whenever I undertake any thing, or conceive a wiſh, Hulkem has already accompliſhed it. His name is upon all lips, whilſt mine is ſcarcely mentioned.'

'But why came you hither?'

'To plunge this dagger into his boſom,' exclaimed Haſſan, graſping the fatal inſtrument. 'And now,' added he, quivering with fury 'now my rival too with Zulima, by the great prophet he——'

'Hearken, Haſſan, this indeed would be the ſhorteſt way of getting rid of that hated Hulkem. He comes every morning to pray behind theſe buſhes for the contentment and happineſs of mankind; this would be an excellent opportunity of plunging your dagger, What do you think?'

'He prays for the happineſs of man?' repeated Haſſan, knitting his brow; 'ſay, my father, is Hulkem really ſo good?'

'He is no bad man; but no one is good but God; to-morrow then, a well directed thruſt, and my daughter is your wife.'

'My wife?' repeated Haſſan, putting his hand to his forehead; 'but why ſo ſoon? Let me take time to become better acquainted with him? Why ſo ſoon?'

'Becauſe he is to be married to my daughter to-morrow.

'To your daughter? Then he muſt die to-morrow! ſhew me the ſpot.'

Hulkem conducted him to the ſpot

hand gradually ſtole near that of his fair companion: ſhe perceived it by a ſide glance; her hand ſhrunk, as if ſhe were going to withdraw it not.

'Ah ſweeteſt girl!' ſighed Haſſan laying his hand upon her's, when the hands of both began viſibly to tremble. The girl anſwered not, nor did ſhe withdraw her hand, her boſom panted.

Thus they remained ſiting till the ſun deſcended behind the palm grove, when the maid ſuddenly exclaimed, —'My father!' upon which a cheerful old man ſtepped out of the buſhes, and haſtening towards the girl, kiſſed her brow with paternal tenderneſs. He then offered his hand to Haſſan, and having made him ſit down again, enquired after his name, Haſſan told him his name was Nadir.

'And what buſineſs has brought you hither, friend Nadir?'

'I wiſh to convince myſelf whether Hulkem really be the beſt and moſt generous of men, which all travellers pronounce him to be.'

'Yes, yes, people believe he is,' replied the old man ſmiling; 'and, for ought I know, they may have reaſon to think ſo; but as for myſelf—'

'What do you think of him?' interrupted Haſſan eagerly.

'I frequently have reaſon to be diſſatisfied with him.'

'But do you know him ſufficiently?'

'As well as my ownſelf; I have been his conſtant companion from his youth, and the ſharer of all his ſecrets.'

'You then do not think that he is ſo wiſe, generous, and good, as he is reported to be?'

'May the great prophet preſerve me from entertaining that opinion of Hulkem.'

'Heaven be praiſed!' rejoined Haſſan with animation, claſping the old man to his heart, 'I too, old friend, have great reaſon to be diſſatisfied with Hulkem.'

The old man ſmiled with marks of acid contentment, ſqueezing the young man's hand: 'Come with me to my cottage, we muſt become better acquainted with each other; I ſee by your flaſhing eyes that you love truth. Come along with me, my cottage and all that I have is at your ſervice.'

They went into the cottage.

The old man was no other perſon but Hulkem himſelf; he beckoned to his daughter not to diſcover his name, whilſt they ſeated themſelves upon a ſimple ſofa, Zulima taking a ſeat oppoſite to them to liſten to their converſation.

'Nadir,' reſumed Hulkem, laying hold of the young man's hand, 'I like you, you may rely upon it that every thing I have is at your ſervice. You will oblige me by conſidering all I have as your own. I may, perhaps, be able to atone to you for the injury you ſeem to have ſuffered by Hulkem.'

'All that you have?' enquired Haſſan timidly, caſting a tender melancholy look on Zulima.

'Yes, all!' rejoined Hulkem.

'You have a daughter,' ſaid Haſſan, Zulima alternately bluſhed and turned as pale as a lily.

'I have a daughter;' replied the old man kindly.

'And did you not ſay that all you have is to be mine? May I call your daughter mine?'

My daughter?' ſaid Hulkem, ſmiling 'ſurely that cannot be your meaning: ſay, do you not wiſh to obtain poſſeſſion of her heart? But this is not mine ſo much as you might wiſh.

Zulima flew from her ſeat, throwing herſelf into her father's arms, and exclaimed with unaffected tenderneſs: —'Who could poſſeſs more of my heart than the beſt of fathers?'

'The heart of my *child!*' replied Hulkem, but that young man ſues for the heart of a *miſtreſs.*'

Haſſa

Haſſan flung himſelf down at Zulima's feet, ſeizing her hand and preſſing it to his lips.

'And what ſays my Zulima?' aſked the father, whilſt a tear ſtarted from his eye, at the ſame time he laid hold of Zulima's hand, preſſing it to his heart.

'My heart pleads for him,' ſaid Zulima, deeply bluſhing; 'but I do not know him.

'I am Haſſan!' exclaimed the young man eagerly, forgetful of his diſguiſe.

'Haſſan!' repeated the father and his daughter ſeized with aſtoniſhment, 'the generous, beneficent Haſſan!'—'Ah my boding heart!' whiſpered Zulima, caſting a tender look on Haſſan. 'Your countenance beſpeaks your virtue!' ſaid Hulkem, raiſing Haſſan from the ground, and claſping him to his heart: 'Generous man! praiſed be providence for having directed you to my cottage, and to the heart of my daughter. But, dear Haſſan, you know, as yet only the perſon of my child, this, indeed, is charming enough. I muſt acquaint you firſt with her defects before I can permit you to ſue for the hand.'

'And would Zulima beſtow this hand upon me, together with all her defects?' ſaid Haſſan, drawing nearer towards the bluſhing maid. Zulima replied, 'I am my father's daughter. He ſays that my heart is a treaſure; render yourſelf deſerving of poſſeſſing it.' Zulima diſappeared behind the curtains, and went into the garden, walking up and down between the roſe-buſhes.'

'Hearken, dear Haſſan,' reſumed Hulkem familiarly, 'you ſue for the heart of my daughter; but I muſt tell you that you will have to contend for poſſeſſion of it with a rival.'

Haſſan turned pale; and aſked in trembling accents,—'And who is that rival?'

'He is a dreadful rival, more dreadful than you may think.'

'Is Hulkem!'

'Hulkem? By the living God his doom is unalterably fixed!' exclaimed Haſſan, ſtarting up with furious looks.

'But, Haſſan, why are you thus enraged at him; in what has Hulkem offended you? Is he not an imitator of your virtues; is he not as zealous as yourſelf in doing good?'

'This is the very cauſe of my vexation, my father; whenever I intend to do a good action, Hulkem has got the ſtart of me; whenever I undertake any thing, or conceive a wiſh, Hulkem has already accompliſhed it. His name is upon all lips, whilſt mine is ſcarcely mentioned.'

'But why came you hither?'

'To plunge this dagger into his boſom,' exclaimed Haſſan, graſping the fatal inſtrument. 'And now,' added he, quivering with fury 'now my rival too with Zulima, by the great prophet he——'

'Hearken, Haſſan, this indeed would be the ſhorteſt way of getting rid of that hated Hulkem. He comes every morning to pray behind theſe buſhes for the contentment and happineſs of mankind; this would be an excellent opportunity of plunging your dagger, What do you think?'

'He prays for the happineſs of man?' repeated Haſſan, knitting his brow; 'ſay, my father, is Hulkem really ſo good?'

'He is no bad man; but no one is good but God; to-morrow then, a well directed thruſt, and my daughter is your wife.'

'My wife?' repeated Haſſan, putting his hand to his forehead; 'but why ſo ſoon? Let me take time to become better acquainted with him? Why ſo ſoon?'

'Becauſe he is to be married to my daughter to-morrow.

'To your daughter? Then he muſt die to-morrow! ſhew me the ſpot.'

Hulkem conducted him to the ſpot

where he was wont to pray every morning. 'Look here,' said he; 'conceal yourself behind this bush. This place is lonely, and that hill is the spot where Hulkem prays every morning; he is an old man, a single blow will be sufficient.'

'This the spot where Hulkem prays?' repeated Haffan slowly; 'and do you really know of no other spot?'

'Why do you hesitate? you wish to become great and celebrated; Hulkem stands in your way: and whilst he lives will continue to eclipse you. The caliphs have sacrificed millions to their glory, and you hesitate to dispatch a single individual, who tomorrow night will be folded in the arms of your mistress.'

'He shall die?' said Haffan, trembling. He hastened so quickly with staggering steps through bushes and briars that the old man was scarcely able to keep up with him.

Haffan was immersed in a profound reverie the whole evening, paying no attention to the old man's conversation, nor even to Zulima's playing on the lute. He went to rest, but the elastic pillow burned like fire underneath his head; he rose before the rays of the sun gilded the eastern clouds.

Zulima, early in the morning, appeared before Haffan as beautiful as an angel. 'My father,' said she, blushing, 'has sent me to desire you to make haste, and to tell you that my hand shall be the reward of your deed. Haffan, I love you,' added she, trembling, and with great emotion, reclining her cheek against his heart; but soon springing from his arms the bashful withdrew.

Haffan grasped the poniard, shuddering, examined the point, and went in search of Zulima's father, but could not find him; nor could he discover where his mistress was. Meeting a slave in the garden he grasped his hand and said, 'Ah! how unhappy am I,' and then stole trembling through the bushes.

After a long ramble he discovered, at last, the spot where Hulkem was wont to pray every morning. He forced his way through the bushes, when he at length descried the aged Hulkem. The old man's face was bent to the ground; his white locks touched the tops of the grass; his hands were folded; he prayed.

Haffan surveyed him trembling; he drew his dagger, and turned pale. 'No!' exclaimed he alone, flinging the dagger to the ground; 'no, he shall live; I will for once at least excel thee in generosity! Zulima shall be thy wife!' He turned round, and Zulima, sobbing with joy, rushed into his arms. 'My Haffan! my beloved Haffan! I am thine for ever.'

Haffan was confounded, and turning towards Hulkem, Zulima's father flew into his arms. 'My daughter is your's; your heart is more generous than you imagined; you have stood the test; be happy my children.'

'Oh, God!' exclaimed Haffan, seized with shame, confusion, and rapture, clasping Zulima, and then the old man in his arms. 'Forgive me,' said he in broken accents; 'I imagined myself capable of performing an act totally repugnant to my feelings. Forgive me, Hulkem too will forgive me.'

'Hulkem forgives you, dear Haffan, by bestowing upon you the hand of his daughter, whom he loves better than himself. I am Hulkem!' added he, smiling.

'Hulkem!' repeated Haffan, and dropped speechless at Hulkem's feet, encircling his knees. 'No, no;' exclaimed he on a sudden, 'he cannot forgive me;'

'But why should Hulkem alone not be generous to you?' said Zulima, throwing herself down by Haffan's side, clasping him to her heart, when Hulkem laid his left hand upon

Haffan's

Haſſan's and his right upon Zulima's head, and ſaid:—'God bleſs theſe two beings, whom, next to thee, I love better than any thing elſe.'

He now raiſed Haſſan from the ground, and embracing him, added:—'Haſſan, make my daughter happy; ſhe is yours.'

Haſſan bent his head upon Zulima's ſhoulder and ſobbed; but ſoon collecting himſelf again from his overpowering emotion, kiſſed Hulkem's hand with filial tenderneſs, and ſaid:—'Beſt of men, I now can comprehend why not one action afforded me real ſatisfaction. You loved men, was beneficent to them, and was happy; whereas I loved no one but my ownſelf. Hulkem, be my guide on the road to happineſs.'

'Your own heart,' replied Hulkem, kindly ſmiling, 'will be your ſafeſt guide; the heart of Zulima will make you happy; and if you are happy yourſelf, you will be capable of rendering others happy likewiſe. Follow me, my children, and be as happy to day as I am myſelf!'

London Faſhions.

WALKING, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.—A fine cambric round gown, with high collar, finiſhed with needle work and ſcalloped lace; a correſpondent trimming round the bottom of the dreſs. A Spaniſh ſpencer of black or puce-coloured velvet, edged with gold lace. A waiſtcoat or wrap front of marble, or leopard ſatin, with collar the ſame as the ſpenſer, edged alſo with gold lace. The Vigonian helmet, or Patriotic bonnet, compoſed of the ſame materials; the helmet edged with gold lace, and the crown croſſed with gold cord, terminating on one ſide with a cone taſſel. Hoop earrings of wrought gold; necklace of variegated amber; gloves, York-tan, and half boots of tan-coloured kid, laced with black cord.

EVENING, OR FULL DRESS.—A Spartan robe, with demi train of pale blue or grey crape, worn over a white ſatin ſlip, ornamented round the bottom and up the front and back ſeam with gold or ſilver lace; triangular front, back, and ſleeves, formed of the ſame trimming, and terminating on each ſhoulder with a topaz or gold brooch; long ſleeve of tranſparent net, or gold tiſſue, in oblique ſtripes. Oriental armlets, and bracelets of topaz or wrought gold; earrings and necklace *en ſuite*. Spartan cap, with Perſian diadem, compoſed of varied gems; an oſtrich and heron's feather placed towards one ſide, and drooping over the front of the head-dreſs. The hair in irregular curls on the forehead, and cropped cloſe behind. A Carthage cymar, or ſcarf of double ſhot Spaniſh ſilk, ſuſpended gracefully from one ſhoulder and croſſing the ſkirt of the figure behind, is confined towards the front by the natural diſpoſition of the adverſe hand. This graceful appendage is edged occaſionally with full ſcalloped lace, a binding of ſilver, or a border of tambour in happily contraſted ſhades. The boudoir, or toilet mirror, is intended to diſplay the taſteful effect of this coſtume on the adverſe front of the figure.

General Obſervations on the moſt Approved Faſhions for the Seaſon.

The effects of ſpring's genial influence has, in a great meaſure, been counteracted by the late cold winds and rains, which have confined our fair faſhionables to their carriages and drawing-rooms. Within theſe few days, however, the ſweet ſeaſon has put forth all its charms; the ſoul-reviving ſun extends its cheerful and enlivening rays through the animal and vegetable world. Buds and bloſſoms now burſt forth in gay luxuriance, and the ſpirits renovated by the charming ſcene, lights anew our hopes

hopes, awakens our flumbering energies, and gives to our mortal eſſence a ſecond ſpring. It is now that the village maid throws aſide her woollen cloak and veſtment of humble brown. It is now alſo that the fair faſhionable diſcards the velvet mantle, and coat of Georgian cloth, for thoſe of more ſeaſonable elegance. Now is ſeen the unconfined peliſſe of gay and pliant farſnet, the rich and graceful ſcarf, yielding to each gentle breeze, and ſporting gay with zephyrs. Various indeed are the articles which faſhion exhibits at this charming ſeaſon; we ſhall endeavour to ſelect amidſt the vaſt aſſemblage a collection of information worthy the attention of our fair readers.

Amidſt the variety of out-door habits, the peliſſes ſtill hold a diſtinguiſhed place; they are now conſidered moſt genteel formed in a plain French coat, with high puckered collar, confined at the center of the throat with a brooch, wrapt over on one ſide, and otherwiſe flowing open in front. The three-quartered, or Barouche coat, is alſo much in faſhionable eſteem. This is made to fit cloſe to the form, with a round boſom and full ſleeve, trimmed with Chineſe floſs bordering. It is confined down the front with gold barrel ſnaps, and round the waiſt with an elaſtic girdle and buckle; the ſeams are uſually finiſhed with a ſort of binding the colour of the trimming. Spenſers generally form a part of the ſpring coſtume; and this ſeaſon they exhibit more than uſual taſte. We have alſo remarked them formed plain, of coloured farſnet, with a pelerine of net or lace, with vandyke, or ſcalloped edging. The Calypſo mantle is a favourite carriage appendage, and is fancifully conſtructed of rich brocade farſnet, or of net muſlin, or leno, over coloured ſilk, and is finiſhed round the throat with full plaitings of Paris net. The ſquare ſhawl is now quite exploded; but large ſilk ſcarfs, with coloured borders and rich brocade ends, ample and more gracefully ſupply their place. Theſe with the walking dreſs, are diſpoſed in the moſt plain and ſimple manner, ſo as to ſhelter the figure. In the evening dreſs they admit of various fanciful directions. Caps are invariably adopted in the morning and half dreſs. In full dreſs (except on females of advanced years) the hair variouſly ornamented, is univerſally admired. In the walking coſtume we diſtinguiſh the Wardle bonnet, of fine wove ſtraw, ornamented with a laurel border, the helmet, or Virginia bonnet, of various materials. Small French bonnets fancifully diſpoſed, and worn with ſhort lace veils, and the village flouch of ſtraw, are appropriate for the retired pedeſtrian. Beavers are very little worn; we have ſeen a few dove coloured riding hats, which however attract by their neat and unobtruſive effect. A greater variety of coloured articles for the ſeveral ſtyle of robes are introduced this ſeaſon than we ever remember.

Shot and figured farſnets, Spaniſh gauſe, imperial and vellum net, Turkey, or other fancy lenos, and muſlins with large raiſed ſpots, each of various ſhades and colours, are offered for dreſs gowns; and are worn over white goſſamer ſatin, farſnet, or glazed cambric.

White gowns now chiefly belong to the morning coſtume; when introduced in full dreſs, they are elegantly decorated with colored ornaments. Some are ſeen with embroidered borders in fruit, or flowers, ſome with deep trimmings of farſnet, with chenille edging. Amidſt theſe, the following was remarkable for its attractive elegance. It conſiſted of a round robe, with demi-train, of white imperial crape, worn over white ſatin net; at the botom it was bound and turned up deep with a rich jonquil farſnet, and finiſhed at its termination

with a narrow checked trimming, or braid, compoſed of black and gold. The long ſleeve which was very large, was gathered into an antique cuff at the wriſt, formed of materials ſimilar with the border of the dreſs. The ſtomacher was alſo of jonquille farſnet, with black and gold edging the ſame as the trimming of the cuffs and robe, ornamented in horizontal ſtripes, and finiſhed with rich buttons of wrought gold in the centre. A broad elaſtic girdle to correſpond, confined under the ſtomacher. Slippers of black ſatin, the quarters trimmed with gold fringe or cord, terminating with topaz buttons on the inſtep.

The hair in alternate ringlets and braids, ornamented with a pearl comb, and tiara of pearl jeſſamine. Necklace, earrings and bracelets, of the ſame, with topaz ſnaps. We may ſafely pronounce that this dreſs will never be ſurpaſſed either in appropriate elegance, or in its animated, graceful, and becoming effect.

The Grecian frock, the Gallician veſt, the Braganza and Andaluſian mantle, are all articles of much faſhionable celebrity. The waiſt is now brought to a point in front of the figure. Morning gowns are made appropriately high in the neck, with Armenian, or laced fronts; and in the walking, or carriage coſtume, is ſeen a pelerine of the ſame material, conſiſtently ornamented. Our faſhionable fair ſeem unwilling to relinquiſh the half boot; but ſurely, if formed of ever ſo delicate a texture, they can never be admitted in the ſpring or ſummer coſtume. Bunches of fruit are now often ſeen to decorate the ſtraw bonnet and lace cap; and ſome of our faſhionable fair ſtill further tempt us by blending theſe attractive ornaments with the hair in full dreſs; thus affording an ample ſpecimen of the fruitfulneſs of Pomona's invention. Soon may we expect to ſee revived the entire faſhions (if not the entire cuſtoms) of our grandmothers; who mounted on their high and ſtupendous peruques, bunches of parſnips, carrots, and turnips,

'*Fruits, roots, and greens, then fill'd the ample ſpace,*
'*And kitchen-garden thus adorn'd the face.*'

We have little of novelty to remark, in the articles of jewellery, except the pearl brooch, and necklace repreſenting the palm leaf, and the Utopian diadem, compoſed of various precious gems; with girdle buckle to correſpond. The prevailing colours are purple and blue; the moſt genteel, ſpring green, ſhots, jonquille, pink, and primroſe.

Theobaldus Secundus; or Shakſpeare as he ſhould be!

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark (Continued from page 225.)

LATIN and Greek are the only two tongues, in which departed ſpirits can be addreſſed; for this reaſon they are denominated the *dead* languages. The non-appearance of thoſe ſupernatural beings of the preſent day, may be fairly aſcribed to the decay of the learned languages. *Cobbett*, with all his volubility, has not a word to throw at a ghoſt. Johnſon ſays—

When learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes, [roſe.
Firſt *rear'd* the ſtage, immortal Shakſpeare

This is converting learning into a bricklayer, and would have come with a better grace from *Ben Jonſon* than from *Sam.* But however that may be, under ſuch an architect, ghoſts would naturally be inrolled in the company. *Dr. Farmer* may ſay what he pleaſes, but I firmly believe *Shakſpeare* had Latin enough to talk to his own ghoſts; though I doubt whether I can expreſs the ſame belief as to certain modern writers, who, by reviving ghoſts to ſqueak and gibber on the London ſtages, have

have taken the same liberties as *Shakspeare*, without taking the same talents—'*We have no cold beef, sir*,' said the landlady at Glastonbury to a hungry traveller, '*but we have excellent mustard!*' All this, however, is foreign to the *prince of Denmark*.

Horatio. ——————— I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day.

Doctor Fungus, will have it, that cock should be clock, and grounds his opinion upon the situation of St. Paul's clock. But this would spoil the poetry of the whole passage. What an accurate picture does the creative pencil of our great poet present to the *mind's eye!* The epithet, *loft*, has fallen through the sieves of all the commentators excepting *Theobaldus Secundus*. It obviously alludes to the high-roosting perch of that valiant bird; nor is the mythological imagery in this sentence to be passed by without its merited eulogium. *Lingo*, by way of *agreeable surprize*, informs us that the cock is the bird of Pallas—Pallas is the goddess of wisdom, and of course an early riser.—

Early to bed, and early to rise, &c.

Her favourite bird undoubtedly awoke her with his shrill note, and at the same time roused the slumbering fop Phœbus, who answered in the words of *dr. Watts*.

'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again;'

and being the god of wit, when he rubbed his own eyes, doubtless vented an imprecation on those of Minerva.

'Thus wit and judgment ever are at strife.
Pope.

The moral is obvious;—they who, like *mr. Sheridan*, aim only to be born of wit, lie abed; while they who, like *sir Isaac Newtown*, *mr. Burke*, and a very few others, appear to be men of wisdom, rise with the lark. Horatio in continuation—

'The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.'

The extravagant, *i. e.* got out of his bounds—*Warburton.*—Bravo! old Hurlo-thrumbo! got out of his depth, *Warburton*, you mean. Extravagant certainly may be construed wandering out of bounds: we need no ghost with a mouthful of syntax to tell us that; but *Shakspeare* had too much taste to adopt such an absurd Latinism. I have no doubt that the late king was a man of expensive habits, and is here compared to a prisoner within the rules of the king's bench, who must return to *quod* at a given moment, or compliment the marshal with the debt and costs. At the crowing of the cock, the extravagant and erring spirit (that is, the spendthrift of a defendant) whether he be drinking arrack punch at Vauxhall, champagne at the mount, or brandy and water at the eccentrics, must kick off his glass-slipper, and hobble back to St. George's Field's, like the lame bottle-conjurer of *Le Sage*.

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Russet mantle! What fony attire for a goddess! I wish the critics would settle, once for all, the costume of Aurora; at present she has clothes, fingers, feet, bosom, and hair, of as many colours as the *robe quelaure* of Joseph. Homer styles her 'Ροδοδακτυλος Ηως. *Rosy fingered morn*; this is more like an old washerwoman than a young goddess. Ovid calls her *rutilis Aurora capillis*. And again—

Ut solet aër
Purpureus, fieri cùm primum Aurora movetur.

I translate 'purpureus fieri,' a *fine*

twinkle. What says Virgil of that particoloured damsel—

Tithoni croceum liquens Aurora cubile

A golden bed, by the way, is but a poor atonement for a leaden old spouse snoring in it.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state,
She weds an idiot, but she eats off plate.

The modern have been equally fanciful in describing Aurora. An old song says—

The morning was up grey as a rat,
The clock struck something, faith I can't tell what.

And *Rosina* now says, 'See the rosy morn appearing;' and now 'The morn returns in saffron dress'd'—SELIM, in *Blue Beard* sings, 'Grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,' which is no compliment to the beauty of the goddess. If she had changed colours with the magician, it would have been well; a *grey beard* is fit for an old man, and *blue eyes* for a young woman.

And now, reader, '*make way for the speaker*,'—The scene draws, and discovers a room of state, containing, the *King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, lords,* and *attendants.* This is the first appearance of *Hamlet.*—Here, then, we must suppose a clapping of hands, and cry of hats *off—down—down.* You will, therefore, fancy to yourself a young gentleman, arrayed in black velvet, with a plume of sable feathers in his bonnet, big enough for the fore-horse in *Ophelia's* hearse. But as in a certain assembly, if a member, however elevated in rank, rise to speak late in the evening, he hears his hearers coughing (there being no pectoral lozenge equal to an early harangue); and, as touching the *lord Hamlet* in that manner, would be touching the honour of a prince, I shall keep his royal highness as a *morceau bouche* to open my next dissertation.

[*To be continued.*]

Essays on Patriotism. Essay 2.

God loves from whole to part; but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small bubble stirs the peaceful lake,
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds;
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race.
Pope.

WHETHER we are right in supposing patriotism a modification of the benevolent principle originally inherent in our nature, is not perhaps, capable of positive decision—undoubtedly, much may be adduced in support of such a conclusion; but patriotism can be accounted for on other principles, not so open to dispute; and there are other causes, which may be safely asserted materially to increase, if not entirely to create, this affection. The power of habit, though not perhaps founded on the most rational basis, is universally acknowledged, and is not the less natural. We find ourselves often interested in the preservation even of an inanimate object, which has been long familiar to our attention. This, which we style the power of habit, doubtless arises from the association of ideas; but to whatever cause we attribute it, may not the love for our native country have its origin in the same cause? The language, the laws, the customs, the religion, every object, animate or inanimate, which has been familiar to our senses, or shared our affections, form so many chains which bind us to our native country. Montaigne regretted the removal of a post which had long stood within sight of his family mansion; and every person has experienced regrets of a similar kind. The very house in which we were born or spent our youthful days, is peculiarly dear to us. Several Poets have

expatiated

expatiated on this ſubject with peculiar felicity; and, indeed, it is a ſubject on which they have ſeldom failed to pleaſe; for it requires but little art to call forth thoſe emotions in the mind, which, while they afford it the moſt refined gratification, it is conſtituted by nature ſo univerſally prone to experience. Who has not peruſed with delight the *Pleaſures of Memory*, by ROGERS? But who has not experienced, unaided by the poetic art, the pleaſures which are that poet's theme? It is probably, then, the power of habit, or, in other words, the aſſociation of ideas, which cauſes the love of our country; and it is, in that caſe, nothing more than a *love of ſpot*.

It is a very important fact, and ſhould always be remembered by thoſe who take upon themſelves the government of a country, that the patriotiſm of a people is in proportion to the freedom and conſequent happineſs they enjoy. To poſſeſs a ſhare, be it ever ſo ſmall, in the management of a ſociety, muſt produce an additional intereſt in its welfare. For this reaſon, thoſe nations have always been moſt diſtinguiſhed for patriotiſm, who were bleſſed with a popular government. This undoubtly is a rational motive for patriotiſm; and Britons, it is to be hoped, will never ceaſe to feel its force.—Patriotiſm has no connection with the riches or poverty, the fertility or ſterility of a country; it has blazed with no mean ſplendour in ſituations, in theſe reſpects apparently the moſt inauſpicious; but never where the laws were partial, or the life and property of the people at the command of a capricious deſpot. May our rulers, in the preſent arduous times, never forget this important maxim—That the only way to annihilate internal diſcord, and repel the invaſion of an external foe, is to keep the people free, and as happy as circumſtances will permit. The affection of a child for a parent, the ſtrongeſt perhaps that can exiſt in the human breaſt, is frequently alienated by a neglect in the performance of the parental duties. Is it then ſurpriſing, that the comparatively weak affection of patriotiſm ſhould be decreaſed by a ſimilar neglect? But on the contrary, when the individuals compoſing a nation are benefited by that nation, a ſenſe of gratitude forms a part of patriotiſm. This gratitude, however, is not of that evident nature, with the gratitude due to our parents, or individuals from whom we receive benefits.

The duty of patriotiſm may likewiſe be ſupported on the ſolid principles of reaſon. Our powers of doing good are very limited; and if we extend too widely the objects on which we exerciſe thoſe powers we ſhall undoubtedly weaken, if not virtually annihilate them. The rays of light, emanating from the ſun muſt be concentrated in a focus, before they will produce combuſtion. The large ſociety of the world is divided and ſubdivided into ſmaller ſocieties; and to conduct public affairs, and preſerve good order in thoſe ſocieties, the perſonal exertions of thoſe who compoſe them, are required. In this ſmaller circle, our exertions may be of uſe, and it is our indiſpenſable duty to beſtow them cheerfully; but to beſtow them in their proper ratio. They ſhould never militate againſt the intereſt of the more diſtant circle, nor infringe the duties nature has loudly commanded us towards the circle ſtill nearer and dearer connected. This is a rational patriotiſm, and ſtrictly conformable to the laws of nature. Coſmopolitical and ancient patriotiſm, both equally deviate from this rule, and the errors of both ariſe from a ſimilar cauſe.

When the coſmopolite doubts the exiſtence of patriotiſm, and refers the patriotiſm of the poet and orator, his doubts are certainly well ſo-

That ſpecies may juſtly be conſidered either one of the ' *airy nothings*,' invented by the politician as an engine of government, or the love of glory under the name of a fictitious virtue. As well may he argue againſt the practice of medicine, from the boaſting profeſſions of an empiric, as argue againſt patriotiſm from the *pſeudo* ſpecies of it profeſſed by the politician. But when he doubts the exiſtence and propriety of patriotiſm entirely, and denominates it, even when limited within rational bounds, a ſelfiſh and narrow minded principle, then we muſt differ. The falſe patriotiſm, which requires, that to maintain the aſcendancy, and imagined welfare of our country, we ſhould not only neglect the duties of private life, but act in direct contradiction to the general intereſts of humanity, does but require from us, in other words, a ſacrifice of every moral principle. We ſhould certainly not think of conferring applauſe on the parental affection of a father, who, to procure ſome ſplendid bauble for his children, ſhould rob and blow out the brains of his neighbour. Yet, ſimilar to this, on a large ſcale, is the conduct of nations, even in modern days, and the actors in ſuch tranſactions are ſuppoſed to perform the duties of patriotiſm.—True patriotiſm is never at variance with true morality; in fact, it is a branch of morality, and the moral character is not complete without this branch. A ſtrict performance of our duty to the community, of which we form a part, neither involves any infringement of our private duties, nor our duty to the human ſpecies.—Each is ſufficiently diſtinct, and each ſhould be inviolably obſerved. He is ſeldom found a good parent, brother, or friend, who infringes his duty to the public; and he cannot be a good patriot, who infringes his duty to his parent, brother, or friend. Domeſtic and public virtue cannot beat ſeparation. Thus reſtricted, patriotiſm, inſtead of being a ſelfiſh or illiberal principle, is one of the moſt important and praiſe-worthy energies of the human mind.

A Letter, addreſſed to a Female who had been a Victim of an illicit Amour; the Author having prevailed upon her to Retire to her Friends and Relatives in the Country.

YOU are now, Mary, happily quitting a ſtate of caſual ſubſiſtence for the tranquil independence of family aſſociation and domeſtic comfort; you are now about to be reſtored to the connection of your relatives, and the tender ſolicitude of your early friends; you are reſolved to quit a courſe of unlicenced purſuits, for one prudent and praiſeworthy. Heaven grant for ever! May the tranquil innocence of country habits eſtrange your mind from the recollection of paſt improprieties! May innocence and unaffected purity be your future lot! May deception, the creature of ſelf-diſapprobation and diſappointment, never dare to intrude upon your thoughts! May future correctneſs cancel all the improvidence of the paſt! May the everlaſting gates of mercy, which were never cloſed againſt repented frailty, open wide to ſend forth ſeraphic conſolation to your remaining hours! May you be happy!

Should unexpected diſappointment, however, ariſe to you; remember, how far ſo ever diſtant, you have *one* friend, who will ever readily aſſiſt you in the paths of rectitude: whoſe hand and heart, he truſts, have been, and will ſtill continue open, to relieve unmerited misfortune; but whoſe mind rejects with horror the bare ſuſpicion of lending aid to confirmed depravity. I may be ungarded in my conduct, Mary, but, I truſt I am not vicious.

You have told me, that, in your

You

greateſt difficulties, and ſome of your moſt trying ſcenes, you have fought and ever found conſolation in the ſacred writings. Let thoſe conſtantly be your refuge, if ill-fortune ſhould require it. Religion will inſpire hope; hope will inſpire exertion; and exertion, ſupported by religion, will inſure ſucceſs.

When your mind, Mary ſhall be happily once more reſtored to the calm dignity of ſelf approbation, by the peaceful habits of domeſtic aſſociation, thank that ſupreme being, whoſe benignant influence hath been extended to ſnatch you from the paths of wretchedneſs.

I have contemplated very many of the loveliеſt of your ſex, from the higheſt pinnacle of wordly ſplendour to the loweſt ſtate of abject poverty. Gradual has been their conſtant decline, and imperceptible to themſelves the periods of their decienſion; for progreſſive application to the opiate of liquor impoſed a ſtupor that ever prevented contemplation: and the child of playful innocence and parental affection, becoming the unfortunate victim of early ſeduction, ſunk, ſyſtematically, into the aged haggard of infamy, diſeaſe, and wine: the priſon, the penitentiary-houſe, or the parish hoſpital, becoming the laſt aſylum of her wretchedneſs.

Thank heaven! Mary, I have not the diſhonour of ſeduction to ſit heavy on my heart by day, or awaken my ſlumbers by night. Had we been able to have continued our connection, as it firſt began, the ſpirits of the bleſſed might have looked down on our careſſes, and not murmured at our bliſs, though no holy rite had ſanctioned them.

I ever hoped, by gentle admonition and unaſſuming attention, to wean you to your native notions of honour and appropriate pride. If I have led you back to the path of propriety, I have paved your way to the temple of peace. To that temple, perhaps, we may, at no diſtant period, be allowed to paſs, hand in hand, and partake together of its pure felicity. Till when, let a full communication of our thoughts continue; for it will not make us the leſs fit for the enjoyment of future hours of reciprocal affection and aſſociated happineſs. Let me hear how your friends receive you; how you ſpend your time in P——; and, as circumſtances happen, you ſhall hear of the worldly occurrences of yours, faithfully,

---

An Inſolent Man.

'*HE* is a fellow newly great and newly proud; one that has put himſelf into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom fortune has ſhot up to ſome office or authority; and he ſhoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and geſture beſpeak how much he is; and if you underſtand him not, he tells you, and concludes every period with his place, which you muſt and ſhall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were very angry, but eſpecially on thoſe of his acquaintance, whom he beats off with a ſurlier diſtance as men are apt to miſtake him, becauſe they have known him; and for this cauſe, *he knows not you till you have told him your name, which he thinks he has heard, but forgot, and with much ado ſeems to recover.* If you have any thing to uſe him in, you are his vaſſal for that time, and muſt give him the patience of any injury which he does only to ſhew what he may do. He ſnaps you up bitterly becauſe he will be offended; and tells you you are ſaucy and troubleſome; and ſometimes takes your money in this language. His very courteſies are intolerable, they are done with ſuch arrogance and imputation; and he is the only man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungrateful;

ſuch

and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice draws with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them his beginning; and no tale so unlikely but is willingly heard of him and believed; and commonly such men are of no merit at all, but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behaviour from that contempt which would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deal of wrong; and when they are down, we may laugh at them without breach of good nature.'

A Dialogue that passed betwixt Gog and Magog. Underheard April 1st, 1809.

Scene—Guildhall.

Magog. Halloo, brother Gog! are you asleep?

Gog. Asleep! a likely story truly. A giant that could sleep in such a noise as we have had this morning must be made of wood. If his senses were so obtuse, he might defy the rudest storm

'That bellowing beats on Albion's chalky cliffs.'

Magog. I am of your opinion: nothing but an *epic poet* or a *civic watch-man* could have nodded during such a *vocal explosion.*

Gog. Who ever heard any thing like it?

Magog. Who? Why yourself?

Gog. Myself? Lord help your silly head! When?

Magog. When! Why in the middle of the seventeenth century, when *Hugh Peters* and his friends came into this neighbourhood *shouting* and *triumphing.*

Gog. I think I recollect something of that matter.

Magog. Recollect! to be sure you do. You must remember noise enough upon many other occasions. You knew *Praise God Barebones.*

Gog. Zooks! he was my old acquaintance.

Magog. O, I am glad sir, that you have recovered your recollection. the Hall is not yet cleared, or I should say more.

Gog. can't you whisper?

Magog. Yes! but I fear your head's too thick to comprehend me.

Gog. Try me.

Magog. I don't know that you deserve *to be tried* at present: however (*whispers*), I perfectly recollect Mid summer day 1682.

Gog. What when the lord mayor—

Magog. Hush, you silly dog! you'll put something into wiser heads than your own.

Gog. Well! I also remember *Wilkes* and *liberty.*

Magog. Ah, there was a display of *private virtue* and *public spirit.*

Gog. So there was, and more noise than we have had to-day

Magog. I remember, during that period I went to the theatre to see *Julius Cæsar*; and the idea of the *Cobler* leading his fellow-citizens about the streets to wear out *their shoes*, in order to make himself *work* tickled me so that I grew poetical.

Gog. You made some verses, and have been poor ever since.

Magog. Never mind that: I'll repeat them, to shew that I *have talents* that ought to elevate me to *a higher* station.

Gog. Do: I am all attention (*sleeps*).

Magog. repeats,

No *civic statesman* it befits
To *stultify* his brother wits
With *Montesquieu* or Locke.
Better let in lofty prevail,
And measure yard, half quarter, nail,
To make a *lady's smock.*

'With arguments as *chaos* dark,
We oft have heard a chatt'ring spark
The *Bill of Rights* define;
While *myrmidons* in concert roar,
And *Guildhall* echoes their *encore*,
In which the *rabble* join.'

There!

There! what do you think of my poetry? *Gog (fnores.)* Faft aſleep, by Jupiter! Was there ever ſuch a block head! I'll poſt him at the Manſion houſe! I'll—I'll—go to ſleep too

(*Sleeps*)

The ſcene cloſes. *MUM*

Senſibility. a Fragment.

—*WHAT* art thou, Senſibility? Whence deriveſt thou exiſtence? Reſtleſs inviſible! how various, how undefinable thy emotions; thy throbbings diſtreſs me: knoweſt thou the fragility of the boſom thou inhabiteſt? Thou addeſt to the pang of miſery, and brighteneth the ſmile of Joy!—Yes, thou beameſt in the tear that fell on the withered hand of the poor old beggar; as it was feebly extended to receive the mite of compaſſion from mine.—Thou pointedeſt the ray that lent my eye a deepened luſtre, when an exquiſite ſenſation of delight glowed in my cheek as I beheld the enfranchiſed robin I had releaſed from the limed ſpray, ſhake the downy crimſon of it's plumes, and pour forth it's little thanks in graceful warblings.—Thou flutteredeſt at my heart yeſterday, Senſibility!—and dwelleſt thou not in the boſom of the bard, to the ſweet melody of whoſe lyre the beatings of my heart vibrate!

Mary of Coleſhill.

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

TO the three nights which we have already ſaid mr. Taylor had liberally allowed the uſe of the Opera-houſe to this company of performers, he afterwards added a ſecond three; viz. April 3d, 6th, and 10; on the laſt of which madame Catalani lent her powerful aid, and the houſe was crowded in all parts to exceſs; indeed, it is no exaggeration to ſay, that as many perſons went away from the doors, as were contained within them; and ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, who were diſappointed in procuring ſeats in the boxes, went into the gallery. At the end of *The Three and the Deuce*, which was the firſt piece performed, mr. Elliſton came forward, and addreſſed the audience nearly as follows:

'*Ladies and Gentlemen*,

'Our efforts here cloſe this night. In conſequence of your liberality, our exertions have been attended by a ſucceſs hitherto unprecedented in theatrical hiſtory. In the name of the committee and performers, I return their moſt profound, ſincere, and heartfelt thanks. To-morrow we ſhall reſume our labours at the Lyceum; and although, labouring under the recent calamity, and other circumſtances, we may not be prepared to meet your eyes in the manner we could wiſh, yet we hope for a continuance of your ſmiles, which will ſtimulate our exertions, and enable us to cloſe the ſeaſon with ſucceſs.'

The houſe expreſſed the warmeſt approbation. The act from the ſerious opera of *Semiramide*, was well received, and Catalani was greeted with three rounds of applauſe on her entrance; ſhe was in excellent voice, and never appeared to more advantage. Veſtris and Angiolini, in the ballet of *Don Quichotte*, performed with unuſual ability and ſucceſs.

April 11. The ſame company opened the *Lyceum*, with *John Bull* and *The Prize*, to a reſpectable, but by no means a crowded audience.

21. Preſented the attraction of a new comedy, called '*Grieving's a Folly*:' which was, we underſtand, gratuitouſly preſented to the performers by its author, mr. Lee, a magiſtrate of Bexley, in Kent; being his firſt dramatic production.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Mr. Herbert (Lord Mortimer)

Mr.

mr. Siddons; Sir Oliver Cypreſs, mr. Dowton; Captain Cypreſs, mr. De Camp; Mr. Belford, mr. Powell; Charles Sedley, mr. Holland; Crape, mr. Banniſter; O'Harrolan, mr. Johnſtone; Joe, mr. Matthews; Woodburn, mr. Fisher; Jonathan, mr Maddocks. Mrs. Mordaunt, mrs. Powell; Ellen, mis H. Siddons; Sufan, miſs Kelly.

FABLE.

Mr. Herbert; reſiding in Italy on account of the indiſpoſition of his lady, was recalled to England by the death of his relation lord Mortimer, on which event he ſucceeded to the title and eſtate: on his return to Bologna, he diſcovered that mrs Herbert had eloped with a friend of his, count D'Alembert—Purſuing them to Florence, and diſappointed in his hopes of an honourable atonement, by D'Alembert's ſudden flight, he returned to England, where intelligence reached him that mrs. Herbert had died in child birth. Having, for eighteen years, led an unſettled melancholy life, he becomes tenant of a cottage belonging to Sir Oliver Cypreſs, whoſe lady is juſt deceaſed, and whoſe affected grief forms a contraſt to the feelings pourtrayed by lord Mortimer.

Lord Mortimer, in his retirement, had formed a friendſhip with Charles Sedley, the lover of Ellen, the ſuppoſed daughter-in-law of O'Harrolan, a farmer on Sir Oliver's eſtate. In O'Harrolan's houſe lodged Mrs. Mordaunt, who had particularly intereſted herſelf in the education and inſtruction of Ellen. Charles Sedley's uncle, Mr. Belford, a near friend of Lord Mortimer, was ſuppoſed to be ſhipwrecked on his paſſage from the Weſt Indies; he however arrives, having been detained by the villainy of a confidential clerk, who had embezzeled his property, and fled to Italy; whither Belford purſuing him, traced him to Bologna, where he ſaw D'Alembert; who, dying, made an avowal of Lady Mortimer's innocence, and of the arts he had ſucceſsfully employed to ſeparate her and her huſband. Captain Cypreſs, Sir Oliver's ſon, had formed a deſign to carry off Ellen, which he endeavours to effectuate by means of Crape, an undertaker; but is prevented by Lord Mortimer, who reſcues Ellen. The alarm of her danger induces Mrs. Mordaunt to follow her, and in the protector ſhe diſcovers her huſband. D'Alembert's villainy is explained, Lady Mortimer informs her lord that Ellen is his daughter, whoſe birth occaſioned the report of her death; and the piece concludes with Lord Mortimer's beſtowing on his friend Sedley the hand of Ellen.

The piece was very favourably received. Its ſucceſs, however, depended more upon the diſplay of humourous character which it exhibits, than on the ſtructure of its ſtory. Dowton,s Sir Oliver, who had been a faſhionable taylor; Banniſter's Crape, an undertaker, formerly a ſtrolling player; Jonſtone's Iriſh farmer and fox hunter, and Matthews, his ſervant; are very ente taining delineations: and the language throughout the piece is nervous and ſprightly.

The epilogue, delivered by Mr. Banniſter, was a pleaſant extravaganza; but the prologue, by mr. Eyre, was rather heavy. The applauſe of the fall of the curtain was unanimous.

A further Account of Mrs. Moore's reputed new Novel, Cœlebs in ſearch of a Wife.

CHARLES Cœlebs, eſq. the hero of is own tale, is a young gentleman of four and twenty, poſſeſſed of a handſome perſon, and an affluent fortune. His father dies before

the work commences, and Cœlebs is anxious to look out for a helpmate. He confeſſes in the firſt chapter, that as the *Sophia* of Rouſſeau had her young imagination captivated by the character of Fenelon's *Telemachus*, ſo he (Cœlebs) early became enamoured of Milton's *Eve*. The young gentleman, though conſtitutionally ſerious, commences his hiſtory by an attempt at jocularity; with what ſucceſs, let the reader judge.

How exquiſitely conceived is Eve's reception, and entertainment of Raphael. How modeſt, and yet how dignified! I am afraid I know ſome huſbands who would have had to encounter very ungracious looks, not to ſay words, if they had brought home even an angel unexpectedly to dinner. Not ſo our general mother;—

'Her diſpatchful looks
Her hoſpitable thoughts—intent
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt,

All indicate not only prompt but cheerful obedience. Though her repaſt conſiſted only of the fruits of Paradiſe—

'Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields.
'Yet of theſe with a liberal hoſpitality,
'She gather'd tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand.

'The fineſt modern lady need not diſdain the arrangement of her table, which was

'So contriv'd as not to mix
Taſtes not well join'd inelegant, but bring
Taſte after taſte, upheld by kindlieſt change.

It muſt however, I fear, be conceded by the way, that this taſte after taſte, rather holds out an encouragement to ſecond courſes.'

It has, we admit, been always reckoned unfair play to ſpoil a good joke, by correction as to matter of fact: but as no ſuch delicacy need be obſerved towards a bad one, we venture an opinion that Eve's alacrity in welcoming an unexpected gueſt may in ſome meaſure be attributed to the little trouble to be occaſioned by an extra-cookery of a repaſt, merely conſiſting of

Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields,

A pious houſewife of the preſent day, was rebuked by her huſband for inattention to the duties of the table, as follows—'My dear, you quote Harvey's *Meditations*, but you have forgoten Harvey's *Fiſh Sauce*.'

Cœlebs is deſirous of commencing his connubial tour forthwith, but his mother being ſtill living, his attachment to her prevents him from viſiting the metropolis. To this forbearance he is alſo perhaps a little invited by a conſideration of the expence in the article of tape, ſuch an elongation of his mother's apron-ſtring would occaſion. The fates, however, ſoon cut the thread of her life; the apron ſtring is ſevered by the ſame ſhears, and now out ſallies Cœlebs. His father had, when living, cautioned him more than once not *irrevocably* to diſpoſe of his affections, till he had made a long-promiſed viſit to one *mr. Stanley*, in Hampſhire. With this *ſalvo* in favour of fluctuation, Cœlebs bids adieu to the abode of his anceſtors and arrives at the houſe of *Sir John Belfield* in Cavendiſh-ſquare. His obſervations on the advantages of London ſociety, are too ſpirited and judicious to be omitted—

'It muſt be confeſſed, however, as I have ſince found, that for giving a terſeneſs and a poliſh to converſation; for rubbing out prejudices; for correcting egotiſm; for keeping ſelf-importance out of ſight, if not curing it; for bringing a man to condenſe what he has to ſay, if he intends to be liſtened to; for accuſtoming him to endure oppoſition; for teaching him not to think every man who differs from him in matters of

of taſte a fool, and in politics a knave, [here we would add, and in matters of religion and infidel] for cutting down harangues; for guarding him from producing as novelties and inventions, what has been ſaid a thouſand times; for quickneſs of alluſion which brings the idea before you without detail or quotation; nothing is equal to the miſcellaneous ſociety of London.'

We perfectly agree with Cœlebs in theſe obſervations, and cannot but lament that he did not mix a little more with the *miſcellaneous ſociety* here alluded to; the ſelect company he viſited having led him too frequently into the very error he condemns. But this, ſays the youth, in his journey towards London, was 'only the ſecondary motive of my intended migration: I connected with it the hope that on a more extended ſurvey, I might be more likely to ſelect a deſerving companion, for life. In ſuch a companion, ſaid I to myſelf, I do not want a *Helen*, a *Saint Cecilia*, or a *madame Dacier*. The averſion of our pious *Anti-Paris* to theſe rival goddeſſes was natural enough. The firſt would have called forth his valour; but Cœlebs is a *turner of the other cheek*. The ſecond would have lifted his ſoul to heaven by dint of muſic; but Cœlebs is ſick, if obliged to ride in ſuch a vehicle. The third would have puzzled him with her learning; her very Latin would have been all Greek to him if we may truſt to a quotation of his own in Vol. i. p. 139. 'If the mollia Tempora fandi does not preſent itſelf, &c.'

On arriving at the great city, Cœlebs takes up his reſidence at the houſe of *ſir John Belfield*. Matrimonial experiment the firſt, conſiſts in a viſit paid to a gentleman with two pretty daughters. The dinner is ill-cooked, and the youth recollects to have read in a reſpectable periodical publication, a paper which inſiſted that nothing tended to make young ladies ſo uſeleſs and inefficient in the ménage as the ſtudy of the dead languages—'I jumped to the concluſion, (ſays the wooer,) and was in an inſtant perſuaded that the young ladies muſt not only be perfect miſtreſſes of Latin, but the tout enſemble was ſo ill arranged as to induce me to give them full credit for Greek alſo.' Fraught with this ſagacious concluſion, Cœlebs turns to the elder of the young ladies, and aſks her at once if ſhe did not think Virgil the fineſt poet in the world? The lady anſwered that ſhe had never heard of the perſon he mentioned, but ſhe had read *Tears of Senſibility*, and *Roſa Matilda*, and *Sympathy of Souls*, and *Too civil by half*, and the *Sorrows of Werter*, and the *Stranger*, and the *Orphans of Snowdon!* Now if Cœlebs meant this as a joke upon the young lady, it appears to our plain underſtanding, to be both a dull and impertinent one; but if he was ſerious, we can only ſay that, in the ſearch of a wife, *Humphrey Gubbins* beat him hollow.—

A courting I went to my love,
Who was ſweeter than roſes in May,
But when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I ſay.

* * * * *

I aſk'd her which way was the wind,
Reſolv'd on ſome talk I would enter,
Why, lord, ſir, ſhe anſwer'd and grinn'd,
Have you juſt ſent your wits for a venture!

Undiſmayed by his ill ſucceſs, Cœlebs, in imitation of his Chriſtian predeceſſor, ſcaling the *hill difficulty*, climbs the acclivity of Hampſtead, and pays a viſit to a pious family (*mr. and mrs. Ranby* and three daughters) reſiding in that ſalubrious village. After deſcribing their religion to conſiſt of a diſproportionate zeal for a very few doctrines, Cœlebs proceeds to buſineſs. 'There, ſir,' ſays *mrs. Ranby*, exhibiting her live ſtock, 'are three girls who will make

make excellent wives! They never were at a play or a ball in their lives, and yet, though I say it that should not say it, they are as highly accomplished as any ladies at St. James's.' 'I *cordially approved*,' says Cœlebs, 'the former part of her assertion, and bowed in silence to the latter.' There is in this place a *hiatus valdè deflendus*, for which we cannot account. Why did the authoress omit so fair an opportunity of villifying that 'devil's drawing-room, a theatre. Religion is no respecter of persons, therefore we take it for granted the reflection that the king, queen, and princesses have been frequent visitants in the aforesaid drawing-room, cannot have operated to quench the fire of her zeal. Perhaps as one just man has been known to save a city, one just tragedy *(Percy)*, though damned *in propriâ personâ*, may have effected the salvation of the theatre. But to return: the three *misses Ranby* are soon found to be rebels from the true faith, and of course are no wives for Cœlebs who returns to Cavendish square with a heart (if he ever possessed one) as entire as at his outset.

The next siege our hero sustains is from the battery of one *mrs. Fentham*, who, forgetful of *mrs. Peachum's* sage maxim—

By keeping men off we keep them on,

alienates his regards for her daughters by an over solicitude, to fix them. We are next treated with an episode about one *lady Melbury* (a second edition of the caricature in the *Winter in London*) and an assortment of *dramatis personæ*, intitled *lady Bab Lawless, lady Denham, Signor Squallini, &c.* But as these sketches do not rise above the ordinary produce of circulating libraries, and betray a most *religious* ignorance of real fashionable life, we shall not introduce our readers to their acquaintance, but accompany Cœlebs on his visit to Stanley Grove. We are informed that he had seen every thing that was curious in art or science in the metropolis; but as no evidence of such a general inspection is to be found in his conversation or adventures, we receive the assertion *cum grano salis*. His cordial approbation of the *misses Ranby's* abstinence from balls and plays, had, we presume, kept him from those places of polite resort, otherwise his father's lectures on consistency were thrown away. The God of Wisdom, as yet undestroyed by *Vulcan*, was left to cry from the house-top of new Drury, and Cœlebs regarded him not. The rotatory motions of *mons. Desshayes*, excite no more of his attention than the *te-totum* of his boyish days, and even the notes of *Catalani* fall as dead-born on his ears, as on those of the lord chancellor!—His views are of a more exalted pitch—'Up I go,' as *Ranger* has it, and off sets Cœlebs to *mr. Stanley*, in Hampshire, shaking the dust of London from his feet, in the temper, and almost in the words of the long-bearded uncle in the *Fool of Quality*, 'O London, London! thou mausoleum of dead souls! how beautiful art thou to the eye, but within, how full of rottenness and reeking abominations.'

Cœlebs at length ascends a post-chaise, and soon finds himself at Stanley Grove. Through that new conduit-pipe of intelligence, a chattering housekeeper, he obtains such a long enumeration of the virtues of *Lucilla Stanley*, that he is already prepossessed in her favour, and her appearance the ensuing morning at breakfast, increases the esteem *mrs. Comfit* had caused him to feel for her. After groping thus far in the dark, Cupid jumps over the kennel with his link in his hand, and we begin to see our way.—'*Lucilla Stanley* is rather perfectly elegant than perfectly beautiful. I have seen women as striking, but I never saw one so interesting. Her

beauty

beauty is countenance; it is the stamp of mind intelligibly printed on the face. It is not so much the symmetry of features, as the joint triumph of intellect and sweet temper. A fine old poet has well described her—

—Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one could almost say her body thought.'

Lucilla is described as a young lady of *Ross*, doing good by stealth, and blushing up to the ears if it turns out fame. Cœlebs admires her more and more, and is on the point of being convinced that she is the indentical damsel whom his father destined him to wed; when the arrival of one *lord Staunton* in the neighbourhood, and a report that he is about to be married to *miss Stanley*, operates like the arrival of the *Grisette's* husband on the pulse-feeling *Yorick*, and puts him a little out in his reckoning. Cœlebs has too much faith of all sorts not to believe the rumour without a tittle of evidence to support it, and is upon the point of treating love like a cold bath, one dip and then out, when the report turns out to be a weak invention of the enemy, and he is himself again. After the removal of this rubbish, the reader expects the fort to be stormed, but alas! there is much rubbish of another sort to be removed, previously to the grand attack. When our expectations were wound up with the hope of a love-feast, down came *sir John Belfield*, and a morose *lady Aston*, and a pious *mrs. Carlton*, and an antinomian, *mr. Tyrrel*, pouncing like harpies upon our expected repast. There is also one *Dr. Barlow*, a very sweet man, who makes a prominent figure in the religious debates that forthwith commence.

'Learned he was, and could take note,
Transcribe, collect, translate and quote,
But preaching was his chiefest talent;
Or argument in which being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and stickle,
Like ram or bull at conventicle;
For disputants like rams or bulls,
Do fight with arms that spring from sculls.'

Our young wife hunter at length thinks he may be more profitably employed. He therefore tenders his proposals of marriage, not in the English way, to the daughter, but, *à la mode France*, to her papa. Let him tell his own story.—

'I arose early, and went to indulge my meditations in the garden. I saw mr. Stanley sitting under the favourite oak. I was instantly tempted to go and open my heart to him; but seeing a book in his hand, I feared to interrupt him, and was turning into another walk till I had acquired composure; he called after me, and invited me to sit down.

'How violent were my fluctations! how much at variance was my reason with my heart! The man on earth with whom I wished to confer, invited me to a conference. With a mind under the dominion of a passion which I was eager to declare, yet agitated with an uncertainty which I had as much reason to fear might be painfully as pleasantly removed,—I stood, doubtful whether to seize or to decline the occasion which thus presented itself to me. A moment's reflection, however, convinced me that the opportunity was too inviting to be neglected. My impatience for an *éclaircissement* on lord Staunton's subject, was too powerful to be any longer resisted.

'At length, with the most unfeigned diffidence, and a hesitation which I feared would render my words unintelligible, I ventured to express my tender admiration of miss Stanley, and implored permission to address her.

'My application did not seem to surprize him; he only gravely said, 'we will talk of this some future day.' This cold and laconic reply, instantly sunk my spirits; I was shocked,

ſhocked, and viſibly confuſed. 'It is too late,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'happy lord Staunton!'—He ſaw my diſtreſs, and taking my hand with the utmoſt kindneſs of voice and manner, ſaid, 'My dear young friend, content yourſelf for the preſent with the aſſurance of my entire eſteem and affection. It is a very early declaration—You are ſcarcely acquainted with *Lucilla*; you do not yet know (ſaid he, ſmiling half her faults.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Bond-Street Lounger.

'*LEAD* them to Piccadilly gate!' ſaid a young nobleman (who had lately inherited a title and eſtate) to his ſervant, as he came out of a houſe in Groſvenor-ſtreet. The ſervant was holding two horſes, and the maſter was equipped for Hyde-park. 'Go to Piccadilly gate, I ſhall be there in leſs than an hour.' The groom mounted his horſe; and, taking the bridle of the other in his hand, walked him off down Bond-ſtreet.

The nobleman walked through Bond-ſtreet too. He ſtopped at a jeweller's ſhop, admired ſome filagrame plate; ſaid he would conſider about the earrings for Charlotte and gave twelve guineas for a trinket.

In St. James's-ſtreet he went into a fruit ſhop, eat half a dozen peaches, yawned, complained that the town was empty, and the ſtreet full of duſt: ſat ſilent, pinched a kitten, ſaid it ſqualled like Catalani; wondered why the prince went ſo often to the painter in Stratford-place; eat another peach; aſked *How d'ye?* ſeventeen times to as many different perſons; thought lady G—— looked better in white than in lilac; ſet his watch by St. James's dial; and then, after ſome reflection, determined to ſee who was at Brookes's.

In the club room he found only one member; they agreed on back-gammon. The nobleman was unlucky; played an hour, and loſt fifty guineas; then toſſed up for double or quit; loſt another fifty, gave a check on Hammerſley for a hundred, and walked out compoſedly.

At the door he ſeized the arm of a gentleman who was paſſing. 'Will you ride this morning?'—'No! I have an engagement,' ſaid ſir Robert. 'An aſſignation,' retorted my lord. 'Yes,' replied the other, 'and with a ſweet creature—will you go?'—'Go! what, to your ſweet creature?'—'Yes, to my ſweet creature; do not deliberate but come along.'

Sir Robert careleſſly flung his arm through that of my lord, and they walked off. At Charing-croſs the baronet ſtepped into a hackney-coach, ordered whither to drive, and his lordſhip ſeated himſelf by his ſide. 'An odd ſtreet you told the fellow to drive to; but I ſuppoſe you are able to prevail on your favourites to live cheaply.'—'Yes, faith! I cannot complain; the girl we are now going to, has coſt me but two guineas a week ſince I have known her, all expence included.'—'You are a lucky fellow,' ſaid lord G. 'I wonder where you find ſuch moderate damſels.'—'Oh, they are to be found in every pariſh, if you won't ſhut your eyes.'

The friends ſoon arrived at a low houſe, in a dirty ſtreet. They aſcended two pair of ſtairs. Sir Robert gently tapped at a chamber door, and a little girl of about five years old opened it, her long ringlets were flaxen, and her eyes were blue; a ſmile of delight, when ſhe beheld the viſitor, ſevered her ſweet lips, and revealed a ſet of pearls that were worthy of them. 'Ah!' ſaid ſhe, 'how happy my mamma will be that you are come!' The gentleman took her hand in ſilence, and, followed by the other, entered the apartment. A beautiful ſpectre ſat in a chair oppoſite to the door, and endeavoured

endeavoured to rise as they approached. The gentleman immediately prevented her by seating himself with a respectful air at her side; whilst his friend, looking all astonishment, was obliged to find his seat on the foot of the bed.

'And how are you, madam?'—'Oh, sir, better, much better; something has happened since yesterday that will lengthen my life at least a week.'—'Many weeks, I hope,' replied her friend, 'and months, and years. But pray tell it.'

'My husband's relations,' replied the invalid, 'at length; they think my sufferings have been sufficient; they invite me to the country to die with them, and have promised to provide for my child. Oh! my little Fanny,' clasping her to her heart, 'though art preserved from ruin; when I have seen thee in the arms of thy natural protectors. I shall breathe my last sigh with joy; but ever remember, that it was this gentleman who preserved thee from the grave, when the poor famished mother—.' Sir Robert stopped her, and made his congratulations on the change of her prospects. He inquired when she began her journey, and how she wished to be accommodated. 'Ah, sir!' she said, 'your generous cares are concluded. 'See,' presenting a bank note of ten pounds,' what they have sent me! and, besides this the rector of the parish is in town, and will protect us on our journey: he calls on me to-morrow in a post-chaise. But oh, sir! whilst I have mind to form a prayer, and strength to articulate it, you will be its object. My gratitude, my——.'

'My dear madam, I must stop you; your feelings overvalue those acts of duty which I have been happy enough to find an opportunity of performing. Believe me, I feel the obligation to be all on my side; and, amongst my happiest hours, I shall always account that which made me known to you. You have same preparations to make for the morning, and I will therefore shorten my visit, but I shall wait on you before the hour of your departure, and see you and your sweet daughter in the protection of the clergyman who is to escort you.'

He bowed to the mother; and kissing Fanny, left the apartment, followed by the half-petrified lord G. whose eyes were the only organs of speech he had found since they entered it. They, indeed, had very volubly expressed curiosity, wonder, and a sort of half-uneasiness, as though he felt himself taken in. The frolic was not of his sort.

After he had walked about ten yards, he exclaimed, 'Why, what the devil is all this, sir Robert?'—'Why, as the devil would have it,' replied the baronet, 'the amiable creature you have seen, made what is called a lovematch; that is, tempted by the brilliancy of the adventure, she left her guardian's protection one dark night, and went into a post-chaise with a young fellow, who had sworn the was the prettiest girl he had seen since he had served in America, where he had been desperately in love with a young lady, her very counter-part. They returned full of spirits from Gretna Green, and in about seven months received her fortune, on the day the law pronounced her to be discreet and wise. It was no more than two thousand pounds, and our married couple were persons of taste. The youth's relations having provided him an old woman with twenty thousand, thought the election he had made a very silly one, and refused to have any communication with him. The young man began to take up the same opinion, and treated his wife with neglect and brutality. He had, at length, the kindness to relieve her from his persecutions by quitting England; leaving her independent,

with

with a fortune of nine pounds and a few shillings. The poor lady, then a mother, applied to her relations; they were at first kind, then civil, then cold, then rude, and finally hoped to be troubled with her no more; advised her to send her child to the parish, and to take in needle-work. In the last article she obeyed them; and, by unremitting industry, and the strictest frugality, supported herself and her infant for four years. But the constant wearing of grief at length subdued her constitution, and a rapid decline ensued. Her landlady, having discovered that the sewing business was at an end, and not having received any money for several weeks, thought such idle hussies a disgrace to her house, and ought to be made an example of. She accordingly sent for a bailiff, who, as he found his prisoner in bed, was so humane as to allow her to put her clothes on; then, taking her arm, he helped her down stairs, pale and speechless, followed by the shrieking Fanny. At this instant I happened to pass the door. It is not necessary to add what ensued. As I found her too ill to be removed, I was obliged to suffer her to be returned to the beldam's apartment. Having in repeated visits learned her story, and the names of her husband's friends, I wrote to my sister, whose country-house is fortunately in the neighbourhood. She represented the distress and the merits of the amiable sufferer, and had influence with them, being a *lady*, (for they are mean, though rich) to prevail that she might be received as the wife of their unworthy kinsman. An uncle said, *if she was a sober body*, she should not want encouragement; and a maiden aunt, that girls ought not to be countenanced to run away with young fellows, but that if she was really dying, she might come down, and if she behaved well, should have the honour of being buried in the family-vault. It is in consequence of my application, of which she was not apprized, that these good people have sent for her; and I am persuaded when her mind is at ease, she will have a chance to send aunt Tabby to the family-vault before her. You now know all that I can tell you, in answer to your *what the devil!*

Lord G. remained silent. He began to feel that there were other methods to get rid of superfluous money in a morning, besides backgammon; and that rides in the Park might now and then be intersected by a walk to the distressed. But just afterwards he began to gape; thought all such melancholy subjects ought to be avoided; they were absolutely hurtful to the spirits; how could a man enjoy life, who was perpetually searching into scenes of misery: and then, really one's health—— At that thought, he turned suddenly round, with a 'good morning, sir Robert,' and was darting across the way. 'Hold,' said his friend, 'here is a person, a few doors off, whom I cannot avoid calling on; and as you have begun my morning circle with me——.' 'My horses are waiting for me,' said lord G. 'So are mine,' replied sir Robert, 'I dine to-day twenty miles from town: my visit, therefore, will not be a long one!' at this instant he knocked at the door of a house, in appearance much like that they had quitted.

'This is very particular!' said my lord, with an air half pettish; he thought it, however, not expedient to take to his heels, and there seemed no other possible method of getting quit of his leader.

When an Italian countess, in the court of Mary de Medicis, was tried for having bewitched her royal mistress, she told her judge and accusers that she never had employed any supernatural means to govern the mind of the queen; nor had ever possessed any other ascendant over it, than

that which a ſtrong mind muſt naturally have over a weak one.

This ſort of ſorcery ſir Robert practiſed to ſuch a degree, that there were few of his intimate companions who were ever hardy enough to maintain an opinion oppoſite to his; and not only did they not ſupport a contrary opinion, but inſenſibly changed their own, their ſentiments, and their wiſhes; ſeeming emulous to be as nearly as poſſible, what he was; whoſe underſtanding was of the firſt order, whoſe heart was pure, and who was, ſo far from being puritanical, that his taſte lent grace to faſhion, and was aided by an appetite for expence; which could only be corrected by his ſtill ſtronger paſſion for independence.

Such was he who now entered the confined unwholeſome chamber of an old man, approaching faſt to diſſolution. The curtains of the bed were open, and diſcloſed the venerable object, ſupported by his nurſe. His ſand was running low: the pallid hue of death had already taken poſſeſſion of his cheek, and the living luſtre of the eye began to be dimmed by the deep ſhade of its approaching night. His faculties however, ſeemed yet awake, and the voice of his benefactor called a faint fluſh, which ſtruggled a moment in his face, and then ſubſided for ever.

'Ah, ſir,' ſaid he, 'you, whoſe ſoul is ſo full of benevolence! you, to whom the tear which ſteals from your eye in pity, is dearer than that which guſhes there from rapture; to you this moment will not be unwelcome! I ſpeak not of myſelf; for the hour is arrived in which I ſhall ceaſe to mourn; in which this wearied heart will render up its laſt ſigh to him who gave the agonizing nerve. Another child of ſorrow is at hand! This long, ſad night, in which my ſoul has been ſtruggling to meet its God, the melancholy inhabitant of the next room, has had the power to arreſt its flight; her voice has penetrated through the darkneſs of the night, and kept my languid pulſe ſtill beating.'

A voice now iſſued from the apartment; for the partition was ſo thin and its apertures ſo numerous, that every word was diſtinctly heard. 'Whoever you are,' ſaid the voice, 'come and receive my ſad tale, while I have breath to utter it; in a few moments my lips will cloſe for ever.'

This was articulated in a tone ſo faint that there could be no doubt that the perſon who uttered it was indeed expiring; and the two friends, in awful ſilence, entered her room.

A curtain prevented the fair mourner's ſeeing them. Sir Robert gently touched it, to inform her that they were preſent, and it was immediately opened. But the young lord, who thought he had quite enough of dying faces for one morning, turned from the bed, and endeavoured to find more agreeable ones in the ſtreet, into which the ſolitary window looked.

The young woman found herſelf addreſſed in the ſofteſt accents; and every argument of conſolation was poured forth before her.—'Alas!' ſaid ſhe, 'it is all, all too late; and the only comfort I can now taſte, is the certainty that I cannot live to profit by your goodneſs. But, burthen your memory with my woes; that if, in your journey through life, you ſhould meet with the author of them, he may know the fate of the female who once was the arbiter of his.

'I am by birth an American; the only child of parents far advanced in life; conſequently I was the idol of their exiſtence. My father was a planter, reſpected for his riches, and beloved for his goodneſs. How unworthy have I been of ſuch a parent! My youth was paſſed beneath his eye, during which period I was inſtructed in all the accompliſhments which add force to beauty. Of beauty, too, I had

had my ſhare; and was an object of envy to ſome of my own ſex, whoſe charms I could not help thinking were ſuperior to my own.

'At the age of ſeventeen, my father gave me in marriage to a young gentleman of amiable manners, who loved me to diſtraction. I, alas! was not ſenſible of paſſion in the degree in which my huſband felt it; but I loved no other man, and my innocence made me believe I felt for him all the tenderneſs I was capable of feeling. Oh! why was I ever awakened from the happy error!

'My father and my huſband were both of the loyaliſts' party, and conſequently the Britiſh officers were treated in their houſes with particular attention. A few months after our marriage, towards the cloſe of the war, a young ſoldier, who was ſaid to be of faſhion and of great fortune in England, found admittance to our table. His manners were ſo engaging, that after a few viſits, my huſband requeſted him to reſide entirely with us. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and he became one of our family. Oh! how did the hours glide in his ſociety! Without, all was anarchy, diſtreſs, and war; but within our walls, all was elegance, taſte, and pleaſure. My huſband was never weary of praiſing his gueſt; and my heart, unconſcious of its error, fluttered with delight at hearing thoſe praiſes.

'Alas, ſir! how ſhall I tell the reſt? By degrees that heart became ſenſible of its ſituation, and knew it loved, knew that it madly loved. My huſband was often abſent; at thoſe times, our gueſt never. It cannot be expected I ſhould enumerate all the particulars of the ſeduction and guilt that followed, it is ſufficient that I own I became abandoned to my lover.'

Here tears and groans interrupted the dying penitent; at length, with many breaks, ſhe continued.—

'Think not that at once I became dead to honour, and to every conſideration of duty! Slow, though ſure, was my progreſs in the road to iniquity. Manifold were my ſelf-upbraidings, numberleſs my reſolutions, but at laſt the voice of duty was no longer heard, and love reigned in my heart a decided conqueror. I had retired one afternoon to a ſummer-houſe in the fartheſt part of the garden: my lover unexpectedly appeared there. The ſuddenneſs of his approach, and the joy that accompanied my ſurpriſe, made me neglectful of every thing but him. I abandoned myſelf to the ardour of his careſſes; and whilſt I was reclining on his boſom, encircled by his arms, my injured huſband entered.

'A cry of horror was the firſt intimation of his preſence. He viewed us without ſpeaking, whilſt we remained abſolutely motionleſs on the ſpot where he firſt beheld us. His firſt action was towards his ſword; but pauſing and ſurveying us awhile with mingled rage and grief, he uttered another cry, and fled through the garden with incredible ſwiftneſs. This was the laſt moment I ever ſaw my huſband.

'We remained long in the fatal ſummer-houſe, not knowing what ſteps to take. The ſenſe of my guilt overpowered me, and I felt that happineſs was fled from me for ever.

'At length I ventured to return to the houſe. I aſked the ſervants, with my eyes, what was become of their maſter, but with my lips I dared not articulate his name. The ſervants did not ſeem to be conſcious that any extraordinary event had happened, and all things appeared in their uſual ſtate of quiet. Thus the night paſſed, and three ſucceeding days and nights, in all which time I heard neither of my huſband nor of the man who had uſurped his rights. This frightful calm was at length broken by a tempeſt.

'On

'On the fourth morning, my father, my dear father, entered my apartment, with a countenance expreſſive of unuſual ſorrow. He took my hand, however, with the utmoſt tenderneſs; and, by the ſoftneſs of his tones, removed the terror which had ſeized me on his appearance. He told me he had a deep affliction to prepare me for; and tried to fortify my mind with every argument of religion and ſubmiſſion before he revealed it. In this dreadful ſuſpenſe I uttered not a word, my mind was on the rack with horrid expectation.

'At length the mill-ſtone cruſhed me. He informed me that three days before, my huſband had joined the rebel army, and that he was amongſt the firſt victims of the battle. The effect which this intelligence had on me, was little ſhort of madneſs. I did not weep, but I grew furious. I called myſelf my huſband's murderer, demanded juſtice on myſelf, and talked of circumſtances which, though true, paſſed on thoſe about me as the effects of ſudden frenzy. Thoſe violent perturbations ended in a fever, from which it was my puniſhment to recover.

'With ſhame I acknowledge, that as my health returned, my paſſion revived. I now conſidered myſelf at liberty, and had no doubt but my tender, paſſionate lover, panted for the hour in which he could throw himſelf at my feet and make amends for my ſufferings by uniting himſelf to me. Days and weeks glided away, and he appeared not. At firſt I conſidered him as ſacrificing to decorum; but at the end of two months I could no longer reſiſt enquiring of a lady who viſited me, when ſhe had ſeen the object of all my thoughts. She anſwered with great unconcern, that he had hardly been ſeen at all for the laſt month, for that he was ſo much attached to a lady whoſe huſband was then in England, that he never ſpent an hour out of her houſe; that he boaſted every where of his paſſion, and of his happineſs; and had told his friends he doated on her to ſuch diſtraction, that he had half reſolved to give up his country and his profeſſion, and become an American planter.

'How long my friend might have continued this intereſting detail I know not, had not my ſuddenly falling ſenſeleſs at her feet ſhocked her into ſilence. She had diſcernment, and perhaps gueſſed in ſome meaſure, the cauſe of ſo ſtrong an emotion. Urged, therefore, by prudence or by curioſity, ſhe called no aſſiſtance, but endeavoured to recal me to the recollection of my miſeries by the common methods. On recovering from my ſwoon, I found my head repoſed on her boſom, and her tears bedewing my face. This tenderneſs unlocked my whole ſoul; my woes were too poignant to admit of concealment, and they were all poured out before her.

'My failing ſpirits,' ſaid the poor narrator, 'will not permit me to continue in a regular thread; I muſt paſs over many events to tell you that this friend prevailed on me to accompany her to England. Her huſband was a loyaliſt, mine had been one, and the rebels made this a pretext to rob me of all my poſſeſſions: too light a puniſhment for crimes ſo deep! I left America without daring to mention ſuch a deſign to my father; I could not bear to ſtab him with the intelligence: and I could ſtill leſs bear to remain on a ſpot where every object kept my diſhonour and wretchedneſs alive: yet I wrote to him from the firſt port, and confeſſed all my criminality, with a view to make his mind yield to the propriety of my abſence, and to leſſen his regret for the loſs of a child whom he could no longer think worthy of his love.

'On my arrival in England, my friends carried me to a northern coun-

ty,

ty, where I reſided with them almoſt two years in tolerable tranquillity. My tears were frequently poured before the almighty for my paſt offences; but they were tears which always left me more peaceful and ſerene. This quiet ſtate was at length interrupted by the paſſion of the man under whoſe protection I lived. My friend had unwiſely informed her huſband of my former guilt, and he received the intelligence with malicious pleaſure; he now conſidered that I had no right to defend myſelf from his addreſſes on principles of honour, having once outraged them; and he had the cruelty to tell me ſo. On my expreſſing horror at ſuch a declaration, he had the brutality to add, that my affected niceneſs was an ill return for his benevolence in having ſupported me, and that, if I choſe to cheriſh ſuch ungrateful ſentiments, it muſt be under ſome other roof.

'His roof I inſtantly quitted, though a ſtranger in the kingdom, and known to no human being in it, out of the little circle in which we reſided; but to remain there would have been as if I did not wiſh to fly from the enemy who purſued me; and I certainly owed it to his wife, to leave a ſituation in which I was every hour expoſed to the danger of his viſits. A ſtage-coach which paſſed at the inſtant of theſe cogitations, offered me relief; it was winter, and there was not any paſſengers in it; which gloomy circumſtance was to me acceptable, for it gave me the leiſure of two hundred miles travelling to ponder over my ſorrows, and to conſider what might be my future fate. The bitterneſs of thoſe reflections ſo overpowered me, that when the coach arrived in London, I was ſo ill as to ſeem to the people of the inn in a dying ſtate; I bleſs heaven they were right. The coachman recommended me to this houſe, kept, as he ſaid, by a relation; I delivered my purſe to the miſtreſs of it, who for a fortnight gave me ſome attendance; but ſince that time ſhe has left me a prey to my diſorder, which will preſently——.'

'Damned unfeeling wretch!' exclaimed the youth at the window, who till now ſeemed attentive only to what paſſed in the ſtreet, though the reſtleſſneſs of his motions, and now and then a heavy ſigh, gave his friend room to ſuſpect him of more tenderneſs than belonged to his character.

The ſudden force of this execration had a viſible effect on the dying lady, but neither ſhe nor the gentleman who had been liſtening to her melancholy tale had time to notice it, for the door directly opened, and diſcloſed the nurſe tottering under the weight of the venerable patient whom they had firſt viſited. With ghaſtful eyes he ſurveyed the lovely creature, already on the threſhold of death. He ſtretched his arm towards her, uttered a deep cry, and falling on the bed expired.

'My father, my father!' exclaimed the lady, claſping her hands with a wild air, and bending over the corpſe, 'but I ſhall join thee, my woes are at an end!'

'Yes, thy woes are over,' ſaid the young lord, who now turned from the window; 'thy woes are over! But, oh! Caroline, where will end the anguiſh which now ſeizes my ſoul! Behold the author of all thy afflictions, thy huſband's murderer, thy murderer, and the murderer of thy father.'

The lady ſtarted from her father's corpſe, ſhe fixed her eyes on him with the moſt horrible expreſſion, and tried to ſpeak, but death had already rendered rigid the organs of ſpeech; his chill hand was on her heart, ſhe ſtruggled a few moments, and then without having uttered a ſound, fell dead on her pillow.

Pauſe here and behold the two friends! Both young, both equal

the favourites of health and of fortune. They had arisen in the morning fresh as the sun, when through the portals of the east he first glances his golden beams. The day was before them, their actions were to be chosen. One of them passed its opening hours in indolence, in folly, in vapidity and expence; the hour of noon beholds him a conscious murderer, an accumulator of crimes, a wretch bowed down with the sense of his own iniquities. The other began his day like a favourite son of heaven; his heart was filled with benevolence; wherever he went his steps, like the steps of the spring, gave hope, joy, and consolation. Having feasted his mind with his own beneficence, he retires from the woes he had contributed to lessen; he is prepared to taste the pleasures which lay before him, to refine them, and to possess them with a zest of which the pallid libertine can form no idea; he is indeed an epicure, a voluptuary of the first order!—Ye sons of pleasure copy the portrait!

Theatres.

THE hint of the propriety and necessity of having door-ways, as in the ancient amphitheatres, communicating with every part of the house, in the shortest line, so that the audience might quit it in the least time, and with the least possible confusion, is a necessary and valuable hint. It may, if adopted, preserve hundreds of lives. Still, from their situation, the pit and the galleries—the galleries in particular, can be very imperfectly secured in this way.

I know not whether mr. Hartley's plan of interrupting the communication of the wood-work every where by plates of cast-iron (or of copper), and perhaps the farther expedient of washing over the wood, and boiling the boards of the floor, before they are laid in a strong solution of alum, and the same of the roof, would not be the best precautions against the renewal of this calamity. United, it seems that they could hardly fail of being effectual. The additional *expence* would be great; but that is not to be compared with the loss and calamity to be prevented. It is plain a *reservoir of water* in the *ceiling* could not but be illusive; for unless it would literally *drown* the pit, it could not be expected to save a theatre in flames, nor indeed even then.

Another consideration comes perhaps too late, or has been already anticipated—the *form* best adapted for *seeing* and *hearing*; and for general good effect. This I apprehend would be for the stage, a segment of a *parabola* taken parallel to its *vertex*, or, which is practically the same, of a very eccentric *ellipsis*. The *vertex* would then form the *back* of the *stage*; and its *transverse axis* the *front* next the *orchestra*.

The form of the *body* of the *house* might be nearly as it has been, that of a *horse-shoe*, but not so strait as the sides.

The *long rectangle* which the *stage* with us has formed, is contrary to beauty: it occasions a great loss of sound, and intercepts the view of their own side of the stage from a great part of the *side boxes*, as they have been hitherto constructed from the view of their own side of the stage.

The *outline* of an *egg* would perhaps not ill represent the form of the interior of a theatre, the *narrower* end representing the *stage*.

It seems evident that thus the *visual* ray would pass unintercepted from every part of the stage to *every* part of the *theatre*; and the *auditory* vibration in the same manner. That there would be no broken or irregular *reflection* or *repercussion*. That the appearance of the general *contour* would be improved, I think cannot well be doubted.

CAPEL LOFFT.

ORIGINAL.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

THOU pow'r ſupreme, by whoſe command
I live,
The grateful tribute of my praiſe receive!
To thy indulgence I my being owe,
And all the joys which from that being
flow.
Scarce twenty ſuns have form'd the rolling
year,
And run their deſtin'd courſes round this
ſphere,
Since then my undiſtinguiſh'd form ſurvey'd,
Among the lifeleſs heaps of matter laid:
Thy ſkill my elemental clay refined,
The vagrant particles in order join'd,
With perfect ſymmetry compos'd the whole,
And ſtamp'd thy ſacred image on my ſoul;
A ſoul ſuſceptible of endleſs joy,
Which frame, nor time, nor force can e'er
deſtroy;
Which ſhall ſurvive, when nature claims
my breath,
And bid defiance to the arts of death;
In realms of bliſs with active freedom ſoar,
And live when earth and ſkies ſhall be no
more.
Author of life in vain my tongue eſſays,
For this immortal gift to ſpeak thy praiſe.
How ſhall my heart its grateful ſenſe reveal,
Where all the energy of words muſt fail?
O may its influence in my life appear,
And ev'ry action prove my words ſincere.
Grant me, great God, a heart to thee in-
clin'd,
Increaſe my faith, and rectify my mind;
Teach me betimes to tread thy ſacred ways,
And to thy ſervice conſecrate my days:
Still as thro' life's perplexing maze I ſtray,
Be thou the guiding ſtar to mark my way;
Conduct the ſteps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the path of
truth;
Thro' each event of this inconſtant ſtate,
Preſerve my temper equal and ſedate:
Inform my judgment regulate my will,
My reaſon ſtrengthen, and my paſſions
ſtill,
Amidſt the pleaſures of a proſp'rous ſtate,
Whoſe flatt'ring charms th' untutor'd heart
elate,
May I reflect to whom thoſe gifts I owe,
And bleſs the bounteous hand from whence
they flow.
Or if an adverſe fortune be my ſhare,
Let not its terrors drive me to deſpair;
But fix'd on thee a ſteady faith maintained,
And own all good which thy decrees or-
dain,
When thy pale herald ſummons me away,
Support me in that ever dreadful day;
In the laſt conflict guard me from alarms,
And take my ſoul expiring to thy arms,

AMOR.

Enigma.

I OFT am uſed to expreſs vexation,
When in the height of grief;
I am the faireſt object in creation,
And bring to you relief.

AMOR.

An Elegy, on the Death of a Mad Dog.

GOOD people all of every ſort,
Give ear unto my ſong,
And if you find it wond'rous ſhort,
It cannot hold you long.

In Iſlington there was a man,
Of whom the world might ſay,
That ſtill a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at firſt were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring ſtreets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And ſwore the dog had loſt his wits,
To bite ſo good a man.

The wound it ſeem'd both ſore and ſad
To ev'ry Chriſtian eye;
And while they ſwore the dog was mad,
They ſwore the man would die.

But ſoon a wonder came to light,
That ſhew'd the rogues they ly'd;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that dy'd.

Song, Commemorative of the Death of Sir John Moore.

Sung with great Applauſe by mr. Dignum, at a late grand dinner of the Society of Arts, at which his grace the Duke of Norfolk preſided.

The Poetry by Major Topham.
The Muſic compoſed by mr. T. W. Parke.

SPAIN, juſtly fam'd in gallant ſtory,
For ages paſt her courſe had run,
And marſhall'd forth to deeds of glory
Full many a great and gallant ſon.

But *fate* achiev'd her vaſt undoing,
In *vice* and *folly's* courtly hour;
Till foul corruption fix'd her ruin,
And gave her to a foreign pow'r.

But ſtill the Spaniard vow'd reſiſtance,
And ſwore his freedom to regain;
While gen'rous Britain gave aſſiſtance
To free her from the tyrant's chain.
On proud Iberia's ſtormy coaſt
The flow'r of England's army landed;
More proud than all the reſt to boaſt
The gallant hero who commanded.

He met the foe; that foe was beaten,
And driven from the bloody field;
France ſaw her troops again retreating,
Again her thouſands forc'd to yield.
But though triumphant vict'ry crown'd him,
Fate deſtin'd this his laſt career;
For while lamenting friends ſurround him,
'I die'—he utter'd—'Leave me here.'
'Go! tell my country, as of yore,
For her, her ſoldiers met the ſtrife;
And tell my mother'—He cou'd no more!
He ſigh'd and cloſ'd his glorious life.

Then, Spaniſh ſoldier! pauſe a ſecond—
And view a brother ſoldier's grave;
And be it in thy mem'ry reckon'd—
No brighter death can crown the brave.
From this lone ſpot, freſh pride aſſuming,
A prouder trophy England rears;
And greener is that laurel blooming,
That's water'd by a nations tears.

These lines marked with inverted commas were the laſt words the lamented hero uttered.

To the Snow Drop.

By John Mayne, Author of the Poems of 'Glaſgow,' and 'the Siller Gun.

FIRST of the ſpring, that ſmiles on me,
I pay my early court to thee!
But, well-a-day! how chang'd the ſcene
Since erſt, I hail'd thee on the green!
Then life and love were in their prime—
Then winter ſmil'd like ſummer-time!
Now, life and love are on the wing—
Now, winter riots in the ſpring!
And, e'en in ſummer, 'nought I ſee
But drizzling ſhow'rs, and blights, for me;
With frequent coffins paſſing by—
Sad monitors that death is nigh!

Oh! when that ſolemn hour ſhall come
Which ſeals my paſſport to the tomb,
Be faith and reſignation mine,
And that ſweet ſoother—hope divine!

First of the ſpring, that ſmiles on me,
Again I pay my court to thee;
May no rude hand profane thy ſweets—
No caitiff bawl thee through the ſtreets!
Or, if thou art diſplanted there,
To grace the boſom of the fair,
O! teach ſimplicity to them,
Who never knew the peerleſs gem!
Bid beauty emulate the bee,
And gather ſweets from flow'rs like thee
Tell thoſe by error led aſtray,
That wiſdom is the only way
Which leads to purity like thine—
Which leads to ev'ry grace divine.

Charade.

TO do my firſt the ſtudent flies
From ſocial circle's converſe gay,
And thus is fram'd to figure well,
Within my ſecond's uſeful way.

My whole, altho' inviſible,
Is in exiſtence, paſt a doubt,
It is what many ſeem to lack,
And yet what no one is without.

Epigram. By Edward Guienne Philipſon

'*HOW* ſleepy your coat is,' ſays old Jeremy Day, [what you ſay?'
'My coat ſleepy, good fellow!—d'ye know
'Yes, I do well enough; for your coat is ſo old, (you from cold.
And ſo threadbare, 'twill ſcarcely defend
And ſleepy it muſt be, when (hear, you who have ears) (years.
It has wanted a *nap* for theſe laſt ſeven

Addreſs to the antient and honourable Society of Freemaſons, in behalf of their pious and benevolent Charity, the Female School. Written by a Young Lady, at the deſire of a Friend to the Inſtitution, for the Anniverſary Dinner, on the 14th of April, 1809, the Earl of Moira, &c. &c. &c. in the Chair.

IF 'tis delight the drooping plant to rear,
Or the ſoft bud with timely ſhelter cheer,
'Tis heav'n the balm of bounty to diſpenſe
And guard the flow'rs of orphan innocence,
But ever in the firm and ſpotleſs breaſt
Compaſſion dwells, a mild, but ſov'reign gueſt;
As ſtedfaſt rocks ambroſial calm encloſe,
And the clear ſtream the pureſt pearl beſtows. [vine,
In Paul's proud dome, the boaſt of art di-
Bleſt charity erects her favour'd ſhrine;
So in the ſoul with truth and honour ſtor'd,
(The nobleſt temple of Creation's Lord)

An

An infant-mourner's suppliant voice prevails,
And orphan-innocence its saviour hails.
Protect them still! Let those who nobly claim,
The ample gifts of wisdom, wealth, and fame,
Like heaven's own mansion spread their portals wide,
And still to hope and peace the mourner guide!
Nor let illustrious beauty's hand disdain
To strew with flow'rs companion's sacred fame:
Beauty! thy charms her magic pow'r create,
On thee Le first, her warmest blessings wait;
Such as with Moira's honour'd laurels blend,
Such as the grave of Cumberland attend!
And you, whose temple boasts th' immortal name
Of him who breath'd philanthropy's pure flame,
SHAKESPARIAN brothers,* who to ev'ry clime
Extend the rays of amity sublime!
Full as the bliss your ready hand bestows,
For you the 'cup of gratitude' o'erflows.
Behold this work! redeem'd from hopeless gloom
Thrice twenty beauteous flow'rs around you bloom:
Crown, then, the blessings by your cares begun,
Proceed, and emulate the bounteous sun:
Your bright example through the land diffuse,
Draw forth, and treasure pity's soft'ring dews;
And when, like his, your glorious talk is o'er,
Still smile in heav'n, though seen on earth no more!

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

French Bulletins.

London, Monday, May 9.

Two French bulletins have been received.—The following is the substance of their contents:

FIRST BULLETIN.

Head-quarters at Ratisbon, on the 24th April.

The following is the substance of it.

Action of Pfaffenhoffen on the 19th.

On the 19th, general Oudinot set off from Augsbourg arrived at Pfaffenhoffen, came up with 3 or 4,000 Austrians, whom he attacked and dispersed and made 300 prisoners.

NOTE.

* The *Shakspear Lodge*, No. 131, held at Freemason's tavern, has at various times, in collective donations and individual subscriptions, contributed near 50,000l. to the funds of this charity.

Battle of Tann on the 19th.

On the 19th, at day-break, the duke of Auerstadt began to march in two columns—St. Hilaire's division on the right, arrived at the village of Pressling, came up with the enemy, superior in number but inferior in bravery, and there was opened the campaign.—All the positions of the enemy were taken, a great many killed and 6 or 700 prisoners taken.

On the left, at two p. m. general Morand came up with a division of the enemy, whom he attacked in front, whilst the duke of Dantzick attacked them in the rear. This division was also dislodged from all its positions, and some hundreds were left dead or taken. At the close of the day the duke of Dantzick joined the duke of Auerstadt.

Our loss in all these was inconsiderable, in comparison with that of the enemy, who lost several officers and generals. The prince of Lichtenstein, general Lusignan, and several others were wounded. In colonels and other officers their loss was great.

Battle of Abensberg, on the 20th.

The emperor resolved to beat and destroy the corps of the archduke Louis and general Hiller, 60,000 strong. On the 20th, he proceeded to Abensberg. He ordered the duke of Auerstadt to keep in check the corps of Hohenzollern, Rosenberg, and Lichtenstein, whilst Menard's, and Gudon's divisions, the Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops, attacked in front the archduke's army, and the duke of Rivoli cut the enemy's communication by passing at Freysing, and from thence proceeding to the rear of the Austrian army. The emperor determined to fight this day at the head of the Bavarian and Wirtemberg troops. After making a long address to these troops, he gave the signal for battle.—General Wrede, stationed in front of the bridge of Siegenberg, attacked an Austrian division opposed to him. General Vandamme, who commanded the Wirtemberg troops, manœuvred on his right flank. The duke of Dantzic, with the prince royal, and general Deroy's division marched upon the village of Reuhausted to reach the great road from Abensberg to Landshut.—The duke of Montebello with his division forced the left, overthrew all before him, and proceeded to Rohr and Rothenbourg. The enemy disconcerted by these dispositions, fought but an hour and then retreated.—Eight standards, twelve pieces of cannon, 18,000 prisoners, were the result of which cost us but little.

Action and Victory of Landshut, on the

The battle of Abensberg having uncovered the flank of the enemy and his magazines, on the the 21st, the emperor

marched against Landshut.—The duke of Istria overwhelmed the enemy's cavalry in the plain before that city—General Mouton attacked the bridge, and penetrated into the city. The enemy, driven from his position, was then attacked by the duke of Rivoli. Landshut was taken, and 30 pieces of cannon, 9000 prisoners, 500 caissons, and 300 baggage waggons.

Battle of Echmuhl, on the 21st.

Prince Charles in the mean time united with the army of Bohemia, under Kollowarth, obtained at Ratisbon a feeble success. A thousand men had been left to guard the bridge at Ratisbon, and were obliged to surrender.

At the same time Auerstadt and Dantzic kept in check the corps of Rosenburgh, Hohenzollen and Litchtenstein. There was no time to lose. On the 22d the emperor marched from Landshut. At two p. m. he arrived opposite Echmuhl, where the four corps of the Austrian army, 110,000 strong, were posted under the archduke Charles. Montebello proceeded against the enemy's left. On the first signal, Auerstadt, Dantzic, and the right division of Monton debouched, so that one hundred and ten thousand men were attacked at all points, turned on their left, and driven from their position.—The details would be too long; suffice it to say, that completely routed, the enemy lost the greater part of his cannon, and a great many prisoners—that the Austrians, driven from the woods that cover Ratisbon were forced into the plain, and cut off by the cavalry. The Austrian cavalry, strong and numerous, attempted to protect the retreat of their infantry; two divisions attacked them, and the enemy's hussars and cuirassiers were routed. More than 300 Austrian curiassiers were made prisoners. Our cuirassiers continued their march upon Ratisbon.—Night commenced.—Nansouty's division met with a column of the enemy, who were made prisoners. It consisted of three Hungarian battalions of 1,500 men—St. Sulpice charged another square, where prince Charles was in danger of being taken—he owed his safety only to the speed of his horse—this column was taken.—Night obliged us to stop—Only half the French were engaged. The enemy continued to defile all night in great confusion. All his wounded, the greater part of his artillery, 15 standards, and 20,000 prisoners fell into our hands.

Action and Capture of Ratisbon on the 23d.

On the 23d, at day break we advanced against Ratisbon—the enemy's cavalry pretended to cover the city—all the charges were to our advantage—eight thousand of the enemy's cavalry passed the Danube,

(The bulletin gives an account of an entrance having been forced into Ratisbon.) All that resisted were put to the sword, and 8000 prisoners taken. The enemy had no time to destroy the bridge, and the French passed to the left pell-mell with them. The city has suffered much, and part of the night was on fire. Bellegarde's corps, which arrived next day, could only be witness of the capture of Ratisbon, and fled for safety to Bohemia.

In all these battles our loss may be 1200 killed and 4000 wounded. Generals Cervone and Hervo were killed—generals St. Sulpice and Schramm wounded.

Of the 220,000 men who composed the Austrian army, all have been engaged but Bellegarde's corps of 20,000.

SECOND BULLETIN.

Head-quarters Muhldorff, April 27.

When the emperor left Landshut, he sent the duke of Istria to proceed to the Inn, and pursue the two corps of the enemy beaten at Abensberg and Landshut. He arrived successively at Wilsburg and Feumark, and took from 15 to 1800 prisoners.

The Austrian corps found on the other side of Neumark, a corps of reserve which had arrived on the Inn. There they rallied and on the 25th gave at Neumark battle, where the Bavarians, though inferior preserved their positions.

On the 24th the emperor had sent Rivoli's corps from Ratisbon to Straubing, and from thence to Passau, where it arrived on the 26th. He passed the Inn and occupied Scharding.

On the 25th Montebello had orders to march upon Muhldorff. On the 27th he passed the Inn and proceeded to Salza.

To-day, the emperor's head-quarters are at Muhldorff. Jellachich's corps, which occupied Munich, is pursued by the duke of Dantzic.

The duke of Auerstadt is gone in pursuit of prince Charles, who is cut off from the Inn and Vienna, and has retired into the mountains of Bohemia.

With respect to the emperor of Austria, he appears to have been before Passau.

It was reported that the emperor had his leg broken—the fact is, that a spent ball grazed the heel of his boot, but did not touch the skin.

All the sovereigns and states of the confederacy evince the most patriotic spirit.

To the second bulletin is annexed a [illegible] clamation of Bonaparte to his tr[illegible] pre- which he says he has taken [illegible] corps, in cannon and 50,000 prisoner[illegible] pieces of before a month is elapsed [illegible] and promises [illegible] to be at Vienna.

Successes of the Austrians in the Tyrol.

Report of Lieut.-Col. Taxis to his Imperial Majesty.

'Dated Inspruck, April 14, 1809.

'Sire,—I feel it a duty incumbent upon me to make known to your imperial majesty the testimonies of bravery and fidelity which former subjects of your majesty have displayed, in proof of their attachment to your august house.

'The brave Tyrolians, driven to despair by the extinction of their constitution, which had been preserved entire and inviolate under the dominion of your majesty and that of your august ancestors, took up arms on the 10th instant, attacked the Bavarian troops at Sprugingen, at Inspruck, at Hall, and at the convent of St. Charles, and after having killed and wounded more than 500 of the enemy, compelled them to surrender and capitulate. On the 12th, a body of about 3000 men, composed of French and Bavarian troops presented themselves before Wildau, near Inspruck, sustained a similar defeat to that of the former, and a reinforcement of French troops which came up on the 13th did not meet with a better fate.

As prisoners are continually coming in, I am not as yet enabled to ascertain the number of them with precision; but there has already been brought in, and sent on their way to Saltzburg, the French general Bisson, several officers of the staff, from 3 to 4,000 men of different descriptions, artillery, cavalry, light infantry, &c. and likewise the Bavarian general Kunkel, colonel Ditfort, two lieut.-colonels, two majors, about twenty officers, and about 12 thousand Bavarian troops.

'The loss of the enemy, in cannon, colours, muskets, and money, is not yet exactly ascertained, because the peasants, in enthusiasm of victory, have not yet brought in several articles of which they took possession.

'A considerable number of prisoners are brought in every other moment, who have been dispersed in the different attacks.

'I can say nothing of the bravery of the inhabitants, which must not sink below the reality. Suffice it to alledge, as proofs of their valour, intrepidity, and determination, that they did not hesitate to attack in the open plain 400 Bavarian troopers, whom they dismounted and compelled to surrender; in fine, that they rushed in upon the enemy's cannon, of whom they made themselves masters.

'The rallying signal was the sacred name of your majesty, and far from fearing to [illegible] for the sake of their rightful sovereign, they considered it only as the reward of their valour and of their devotion to the cause of their country.

'On the 9th at noon I received from lieutenant general baron Jellachich orders to advance towards the Tyrol, across the mountains of the Saltzburg territory, shaping my march by the Billerthal. My detachment consisted of a division of the regiment of infantry of Devaux, a battalion of the chasseurs of Saltzburgh, the formation of which is not yet complete; and of the first division of the 2d battalion of the Landwehs of Saltzburgh.

'Although we made a double march every day, we arrived only in time to admire the victory of the brave Tyrolians, and to behold the great number of prisoners who bore witness to the intrepidity and decision of the attack.

'We were received with enthusiasm and our march from the frontier hitherto wore the aspect of a triumph. Our warriors were deeply affected with the demonstrations of joy of all ages and sexes, who hastened to meet us, and with the uninterrupted cries of 'long live our good emperor Francis.' Our emotions were wound up to a pitch on beholding a great number of the defenders of the country, who had armed themselves with every sort of weapon they could lay hold of, and who pressed forward towards Inspruck in order to put themselves in an attitude to encounter a fresh column of the enemy, which were said to be approaching. Every feeling of exultation had reached the utmost pitch. The sound of the bells mingled with the discharge of artillery and musketry, and with the joyous acclamations of our youthful warriors.

'It was an affecting spectacle to see hastening around us men of extreme old age and youths of 12 years, armed with whatever had fallen into their hands, and displaying before our eyes the trophies they had won from the enemy.

'They flatter themselves (and I have only to repeat their promises) to be able to present to your majesty 5 or 600 prisoners as a pledge of their fidelity and attachment.

'I feel it my duty above all to recommend to your majesty's imperial benevolence, mr. Straub, an inn-keeper, at Hall. He has well deserved this distinction, not only by organizing the insurrection of the country, but also by directing with equal judgment and zeal the three attacks in which the Tyrolians were happy enough to lose only 26 men.

'Thirty thousand florins of public money have been stopped which were coming from Munich, and which were seized at Imbst. We are not yet enabled to state the amount of the other sums of public money of which we have taken possession.

"As in consequence of these advantages the sanctions of the Bavarian authorities have ceased, I thought it indispensible to establish a provisional police to maintain the stability of internal tranquillity.

(Signed) 'TAXIS, &c.

Other reports have already announced, that the southern part of the Tyrol was in the hands of the Austrians. This latter event completes the re-capture of the whole of that interesting province.

The bearer of this dispatch of lieutenant general Taxis, M. *Zemmer*, who was himself engaged in these affairs, had received from his imperial majesty the grand gold medal, the usual reward of civil merit.

Their first success is the most grateful to the heart of his imperial majesty, as it is owing in a great measure to the loyalty and the devotion of a province whose attachment to the house of Austria has not been relaxed by three years of a foreign domination.

This spontaneous movement of the Tyrolese affords at the same time a new proof of the necessity and the justice of a war, which the wishes of the different nations of Germany have invoked as the only means of their liberation.

Scharding, April 17, 1809.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

Downing-street, May 24, 1809.

The following dispatch was received this evening from lieutenant general the right hon. sir. Arthur Wellesley, by viscount Castlereagh, secretary of state.

My Lord, Oporto, May 12, 1809.

I had the honour to apprize your lordship, on the 7th instant, that I intended that the army should march on the 9th from Coimbra to dispossess the enemy of Oporto.

The advanced guard and the cavalry had marched on the 7th, and the whole had halted on the 8th to afford time for Marshal Beresford with his corps to arrive upon the Upper Douro.

The infantry of the army was formed into three divisions for this expedition, of which two, the advanced, consisting of the Hanoverian legion and brigadier-general R. Stewart's brigade, with a brigade of six-pounders, and a brigade of three-pounders, under lieutenant-general Paget, and the cavalry under lieutenant-general Payne, and the brigade of guards; brigadier-general Campbell's and brigadier-general brigades of infantry, with a brigade of six-pounders, under lieutenant-general Sherbrooke, moved by the high road from Coimbra to Oporto, and one composed of major general Hill's and brigadier-general Cameron's brigades of infantry, and a brigade of six-pounders, under the command of major-general Hill, by the road from Coimbra to Aveiro.

On the 10th in the morning, before day light, the cavalry and advance guard crossed the Vouga with the intention to surprise and cut off four regiments of French cavalry, and a battalion of infantry and artillery, cantoned in Albergaria Nova and the neighbouring villages, about eight miles from the river, in the last of which we failed; but the superiority of the British cavalry was evident throughout the day; we took some prisoners and their cannon from them; and the advanced guard took up the position of Oliviera.

On the same day major-general Hill, who had embarked at Aveiro on the evening of the 9th, arrived at Ovar, in the rear of the enemy's right; and the head of lieutenant-general Sherbrooke's division passed the Vouga on the same evening.

On the 11th, the advanced guard and cavalry continued to move on the high road towards Oporto, with major-general Hill's division in a parallel road, which leads to Oporto from Ovar.

On the arrival of the advanced guard at Vendas Novas, between Santo Redondo and Grijon, they fell in with the outposts of the enemy's advanced guard, consisting of about four thousand infantry, and some squadrons of cavalry strongly posted on the heights above Grijon, their front being covered by woods and broken grounds. The enemy's left flank was turned by a movement well executed by major general Murray, with brigadier-gen. Langworth's brigade of the Hanoverian Legion; while the 16th Portuguese regiment of brigadier-general Richard Stewart's brigade attacked their right, and the rifle men of the 95th, and the flank companies of the 29th, 43d, and 52d of the same brigade under major Way, attacked the infantry in the woods and village in the center.

Those attacks soon obliged the enemy to give way, and the hon. brigadier Charles Stewart led two squadrons of the 16th and 20th dragoons under the command of major Blake, in pursuit of the enemy, and destroyed many and took many prisoners.

On the night of the 11th the enemy crossed the Douro, and destroyed the bridge over that river.

It was important, with a view to the operations of marshal Beresford, that I should cross the Douro immediately; and I had sent major general Murray in the morning with a battalion of the Hanoverian legion, a squadron of cavalry, and two 6-pounders, to endeavour to collect boats, and, if possible, to cross the river at Ovintas about four miles above Oporto; and I had

as many boats as could be collected brought to the ferry immediately above the towns of Oporto and Villa Nova.

The ground on the right bank of the river at this ferry is protected and commanded by the fire of cannon, placed on the height of the Sierra Convent at Villa Nova, and there appeared to be a good position for our troops on the opposite side of the river, till they should be collected in sufficient numbers.

The enemy took no notice of our collection of boats, or of the embarkation of the troops, till after the 1st battalion (the buffs) were landed, and had taken up their position under the command of lieut general Paget on the opposite side of the river.

They then commenced an attack upon them, with a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, under the command of marshal Soult, which that corps most gallantly sustained, till supported successively by the 48th and 66th regiments, belonging to maj. gen. Hill's brigade, and a Portuguese battalion, and afterwards by the first battalion of detachments belonging to brigadier general R. Stewart's brigade.

Lieut. gen. Paget was unfortunately wounded soon after the attack commenced, when the command of those gallant troops devolved upon major gen. Hill.

Although the French made repeated attacks upon them, they made no impression, and at last major general Murray having appeared on the enemy's left flank on his march from Ovintre, where he had crossed, and lieut. gen. Sherbrooke, who by this time had availed himself of the enemy's weakness in the town of Oporto, and had crossed the Douro at the ferry, between the towns of Villa Nova and Oporto, having appeared upon the right with the brigade of guards, and the 29th regiment, the whole retired in complete confusion towards Amaranthe, leaving behind them 5 pieces of cannon, 8 ammunition tumbrils, and many prisoners.

The enemy's loss in killed and wounded in this action has been very large, and they have left behind them in Oporto 700 sick and wounded.

Brigadier general the hon. Charles Stewart then directed a charge by a squadron of the 14th dragoons, under the command of major Hervey, who made a successful attack on the enemy's rear guard.

In the different actions with the enemy, of which I have above given your lordship an account, we have lost some, and the immediate services of other valuable officers and soldiers.

I cannot say too much in favour of the officers and troops.

They have marched in four days [illegible] of the most difficult country, have gained many important positions, and have engaged and defeated three different bodies of the enemy's troops.

[Sir Arthur concludes his dispatch by representing the particular services of several officers and some of the troops employed.]

Abstract of the wounded and missing in the action with the advanced posts of the French army at Albergaria Nova, the 10th of May.

None killed; 1 major, 2 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file missing.—Total 4.

Names of officers wounded.—Hon. major Lincoln Stanhope, of the 16th dragoons, slightly wounded in the shoulder.

Killed, wounded and missing in the action on the heights of Grijon, on the 11th May.

Killed 19, wounded 63, missing 14.—Total 96.

Names of officers killed and wounded.

16th light dragoons—captain Sweetman wounded slightly; lieut. Tomkinson, severely.

1st batt. detachments—captain Owen, 38th foot, wounded; lieutenant Woodgate, 52d foot, severely wounded.

1st batt. King's German legion—captain Delanring, killed.

2d ditto——captain Langrelin, severely wounded.

Rifle corps king's German legion—lieut. Loddets, wounded.

Killed, wounded, and missing in the passage of the Douro, on the 12th May.

23 rank and file, killed; 2 general and staff officers, 3 majors, 2 captains, 5 lieutenants, 1 serjeant, 85 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file missing.

Total—23 killed, 96 wounded, 2 missing —121.

Names of officers wounded.

Lieut.-general Paget lost his arm but doing well.

Capt. Hill, aid-de-camp to general Hill, severely.

14th light dragoons, major Hervey, lost his right arm, but doing well; capt. Howker and lieutenant Knipe, slightly.

3d foot—lieutenant Monaghan slightly.

48th foot, 2d batt. major Erskine, slightly.

66th foot, 2d foot—major Murray, severely in the army; captain Binning slightly.

Royal engineers—first lieutenant Hamilton, severely.

(In the return of ordnance taken in the arsenal of Quartieri St. Oviedo, were 20 twelve-pounders, 12 eight-pounders, 18 four pounders, 18 three-pounders, with three thousand whole barrels of Engli[illegible]

gun-powder and 300,000 English musket cartridges.)

LONDON, *May* 6.

LOSS OF THE TRAVERS INDIAMAN.

THE following particulars relative to the loss of this veſſel are extracted from the letter of her commander, capt. Collins addreſſed to lord Minton :—

'About ten minutes before five o'clock p. m. on the 7th of November, when in our ſtation on the ſtarboard quarter of the Monarch, with the earl Spencer in company, having hove the lead and got ground in 20 fathoms, mud and fine ſand, I went over to leeward, and ſaw breakers on the ſtarboard beam and a-head ; I immediately hauled the ſhip cloſe to the wind, but unfortunately, notwithſtanding our exertions to clear the reef, we ſtruck about five p. m. on a rock detached from Auken iſland, the other two ſhips paſſing conſiderably within hail. The cauſe of their eſcape, I believe, was from my hailing and firing guns. At this time the mizen maſt went fifteen feet above the board. The ſhip then bilged on the ſtarboard ſide ; and in about five minutes we loſt the rudder, and the ſtern-poſt gave way. Finding it impoſſible to get the ſhip off, I ordered the main foremaſt and ſpare anchors to be cut away, and threw over the ſtarboard guns to eaſe her. I then ſent an officer down to ſecure the packets ; which I regret was impracticable, as the water was level with the gun-deck, part of which had given way. As it was now day break, and we clearly could diſtinguiſh the ſhips ſtanding on their courſe, we hoiſted our enſign on the ſtump of our mizen-maſt, with the union downwards ; but not ſeeing that to have any effect, our only reſource was now in our boats, which, with the greateſt exertions of the officers and crew, having no maſts left to which we could fix tackles, we were obliged to cut the gunwale down to launch the long-boat, and by dint of ſtrength —a labour which was rendered doubly difficult by the uneaſy ſtate of the ſhip, the ſea having by this time made a complete breach over her—by ſeven o'clock, I had the happineſs to ſee all the ladies, paſſengers and crew, with the exception of the 16 men mentioned below, in the boats. The weather was ſo extremely ſqually, and a heavy ſea running, I thought it not ſafe to allow more than ninety-three perſons in the launch, ſhe being ſo extremely deep, and eighteen in the cutter ; but ordered the jolly-boat back, though ſhe was alſo very crowded, to endeavour to bring off as many of thoſe remaining as poſſible ; which I am ſorry to ſay, from their obſtinacy in perſiſting not to come without their baggage, the officer was unable to effect, except three. When we put off, our ſituation was ſtill more diſtreſſing, as capt. Hawes, of the Monarch, the ſenior officer, followed by the earl Spencer, had gone ſo great a diſtance, that we could not diſcern the ſhips. I had in my pocket a compaſs ; and ſteering W. S. W. in about an hour and a half deſcried them at a diſtance of about 10 or 11 miles. The boats ſhipping much water, kept us conſtantly baling, which gave me at one time much apprehenſion, from the ſeverity of the weather, of our not being able to reach them. But, to our great joy, about eleven *a. m.* we were all ſafe on board the earl Spencer.

Names of people left on the wreck.

Thomas Tracy, carpenter's mate ; J. Green, quartermaſter ; W. Holt, Peter Olſon, Jacob Bergman, and F. Smith, ſeaman ; three Laſcars, and ſeven Chinamen.

The loſs of the Travers is ſtated at £130,000. Beſides 300 pipes of Madeira wine, and ſeveral valuable inveſtments, ſhe had treaſure on board to a large amount.

A ludicrous walking or running match of three miles took place a few days ſince on the banks of the Paddington canal, between a mr. Were, who weighs eighteen ſtone, and is ſixty years of age, and a ſtrong bodied poulterer who weighs within four pounds of his antagoniſt, and is one year older, for a wager of twenty guineas and a repaſt. What added to the novelty of this match was that neither of the pedeſtrians is free from the gout many days together ; but the match was made in the moment of jollity, and each being conſcious of the other's defects, nothing could reconcile them to draw the ſtakes. They ſtarted at a jog ſomething about three miles an hour, and viewed each other ſternly, until the poulterer made a ſtop for wind, after having gone about four hundred yards. His adverſary was ſoon in the ſame predicament, and they were together at the end of two miles, when a mutual ſtop again took place, and they ſtarted the laſt mile together again. The poulterer was obliged to make another ſtop, and his adverſary won the race by 100 yards.

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

Lord Paget and Lady Charlotte Wellesley:

When this unfortunate connection was publicly announced, Colonel Cadogan wrote to lord Paget :—

'Cooke's-hotel, Dover-ſtreet,
March 28, 1809.

'My Lord—I hereby requeſt you to

name a time and place that I may meet you, to obtain satisfaction for the injury done myself and my whole family by your conduct to my sister.

I have to add, that the time must be as early as possible, and the place not in the immediate neighbourhood of London, as it is by concealment alone I am able to evade the police. 'H. CADOGAN.'

Lord Paget's Answer.

'SIR—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst. I have nothing to say in justification of my conduct towards your sister, but that it has been produced by an attachment perfectly unconquerable.

'She has lost the world upon my account, and the only atonement I can make is to devote myself, not to her happiness, (which with her feeling mind is, under present circumstances, impossible) but to endeavour, by every means in my power, to alleviate her suffering. I feel, therefore, that my life is hers, not my own. It distresses me beyond all description to refuse you that satisfaction which I am most ready to admit you have a right to demand; but, upon the most mature reflection, I have determined upon the propriety of this line of conduct.

'My cause is bad indeed; but my motive for acting thus is good; nor was I without hopes that you would have made allowances for this my very particular situation, and thereby have largely added to the extreme kindness you have already shewn to your sister upon this afflicting occasion. ', have the honour to be, sir,

'Your obedient Servant

'PAGET.

'P. S.—On referring to the date of your letter, it becomes necessary to assure you that I have only this moment received it.

Colonel Cadogan to H. Sloane, Esq.
His intended Second.

London, April 2, 1809.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I have availed myself of the very first moment in my power to relieve you from the anxiety you have for some days past been feeling on my account, by assuring you that communication between lord Paget and myself has ceased.

'And in order that what has past may not be misrepresented, I herewith inclose copies of the only letters that have been exchanged, and I have to request that you will shew them, together with this letter, to any of my friends, or of your own acquaintance that might wish to see them.

'When my sister, after a separation of a very few days, returned to lord Paget, and when I was convinced, by a variety of circumstances, that the fear of my resentment had no farther effect in deterring her from that connexion, I could no longer restrain the impulse of my feelings, and immediately demanded that satisfaction from lord Paget, which the laws of my country do not afford, but which I had a right to ask, and he was equally bound to give me, for the injury he had done myself and my whole family. This satisfaction, however, lord Paget thought proper to deny me, as his letter expressed it—'that his life is not his own, but my sister's;' and thus making the very injury for which I demand satisfaction his excuse for not meeting me.

'It is not unknown to you, that I have by concealment alone been able for some to evade the police, who having anticipated the step I was likely to take, are still continuing in pursuit of me. Under these circumstances, it would ill become me to apply to the conduct of lord Paget the expressions that my feelings at this moment dictate; and I shall therefore leave it to you and others to determine whether the line he has thought proper to adopt on this occasion, is or is not the most honourable.

'I remain, my dear sir,

Yours most sincerely,

'To H. Sloane, esq. 'W. CADOGAN.'

After this correspondence lord Paget and lady Charlotte retired to a village in Devonshire, when another letter arrived from the colonel, it is said, on the same subject as his former; and his lordship being still determined not to meet him, the fugitives forsook their retreat at a moment's notice.

DUBLIN, *April 28.*

WE hear a plan is in contemplation of establishing a new line of road between Dublin, Cork, and Limerick. The road from Dublin to both places, through Celbridge, Clane, Prosperous, Rathangan, Portarlington, mount-Mellick, and Templemore;—thence they will branch off, the one to Cork through Thurles, Tipperary, Mitchelstown, and Fermoy, the other through Burrosoleigh and Silver Mines to Limerick. By this arangement, the road from the metropolis to both cities will be much shortened, it will facilitate the march of troops, and greatly convenience the public at large.

Last week a most extraordinary circumstance occurred on the banks of the canal: two persons, a young man and a woman of rather genteel appearance, were seen a long time walking together, when on a sudden both leaped into the water.—Three soldiers, passing

passing by at the same moment, plunged after the unhappy pair and saved them from the guilt of suicide.

Extraordinary Chase.—On Friday the master of an English vessel, lying in Wexford harbour, was alarmed in the middle of the night by a noise on deck; thinking it proceeded from some person wanting to rob the vessel, he called up the hands, and after a strict search, they discovered a fox hid under some sails in the fore-castle.—Hand-spikes, marlinspikes, oyster-baskets, &c. were instantly put in requisition; but every attempt to take poor reynard, dead or alive, proved fruitless. After a chase of twenty minutes, through different parts of the ship, finding himself hard pressed, he jumped overboard and swam for the shore, (pursued by the sailors in the small boat) where he arrived in safety, and running up New-quay-lane, his pursuers soon lost sight of him.—Sportsmen are at a loss to account for the manner in which the fox got on board, as the vessel was upwards of 400 yards from the quay.

A melancholy accident occurred on Sunday last, about two o'clock in the afternoon; a boat going from Monkstown to the Cove of Cork, with near fifty persons on board, consisting of soldiers, their wives and children, upset in a squall near his majesty's ship Trent; the boats of the Trent happily succeeded in picking up a great many of them, but it is feared notwithstanding that there were near ten of them drowned. Through the meritorious exertions of dr. M'Clathan of the artillery, one woman was happily preserved.

Wednesday last a well dressed man called at the commercial coffee house, to inquire for counsellor D. and having been informed he was absent, he sat down in his room, saying it was no matter, and begged of the waiter to get him paper, that he might leave his address. As soon as the waiter went down stairs, the swindler made off with the gentleman's valise, containing property to the amount of nearly 1000l. Every search is making for him, and we trust the vigilance of the police will be able to secure him.

On Monday week (May day) from 4 to 500 of the inhabitants of Carrick and its vicinity, assembled on the demesne of Curraghmore, to indulge in the innocent and usual gambols of the day.—They brought with them all those necessary concomitants—meat, drink, and music, to enliven the jig and recruit the spirits.—The noble proprietor, we are informed, pressed them to accept of a well filled purse, and abundance of good cheer. Those compliments were declined, 'it was the object of the day they said, to pay their humble tribute of respect and gratitude to the marchioness, whose tender care, since her residence in this country, had been exerted to relieve distress, and to promote prosperity and happiness around her.'

BIRTHS.

IN Middle Gardiner-street, the lady of Wm. Goddard, esq. of a son.—In Mountjoy square, the lady of John Carleton, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of Robert Bradshaw, of Mount-Sion, esq. of a daughter.—At Newcastle, co. of Limerick, the lady of W. Harnett, of Ballivelle, esq. of a son.—In Limerick, the lady of capt. Moriarty, royal navy, of a daughter.—In Cork, the lady of captain Oliver, R. N. of a son.—At Litchfield, the lady of colonel Maxwell, 26th foot of a daughter.—In Tipperary, the lady of Richard Hammersley, esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Clifton, England, the hon. James Hewitt, eldest son of lord viscount Lifford, to the hon. Anne Maud, daughter of the late viscount Hawarden.—In Limerick, Edm. O'Meagher, esq. of Marle-hill, county of Tipperary, to miss Roche, daughter of the late Stephen Roche, of Limerick, esq.—At Island Magee, mr. John Martin, merchant of Larne, to the much-admired miss Mary-Elizabeth M'Clelland, of Island Magee.—At Newcastle, Roger Lombard, esq. to miss Fitzgerald, daughter to the late James Fitzgerald, of Limerick, esq.—In Tralee, Samuel Sealy, of Maglass, county of Kerry, esq. to miss Hilliard, daughter of the late R. Hilliard, of Listrim, in said county, esq.—Samuel Gordon, esq of Spring Garden, to miss Keily, daughter of the late John Keily, esq of Belgrove, co. Cork.—Robert Blake, esq. of Temple-street, to miss Browne, daughter of the late Edward Browne, of Ardskea, county Galway, esq.—At the Madras station, George Paske, esq. judge of and magistrate of the Zillah of Vizagapatam, to Helena, daughter of the

the late T. Miller, esq. of Cork.—Mr. James C. Hagarty, of Blackall-street, to Jane, daughter of the late Edward Sims, of Springfield, county Westmeath, esq.—At Hazel-bank, county Down, John Mallay, of Clondia, co. Longford, esq. to Ellen, daughter of the late William Cusack, of Cork, esq.—Mr. George Taylor, principal of the mercantile academy, to mrs. Grattan, of Digges-street.—At Glenarm, Garret Disney, esq. surveyor of excise, Antrim, to miss M'Culloch, of Glenarm.——In London, the hon mr. Lambe, son of lord visct. Melbourne, to miss Le Jeune, a ward of the duke of Devonshire.—In London, Thomas Hamilton Miller, esq. of Dalswinton, Dumfreshire, to Mary-Anne, eldest daughter of colonel Ram, M. P. for the county of Wexford.—At Southampton, capt. Harvey, of the 18th light dragoons, to lady Honoria Woodgate, eldest daughter of the right hon. earl of Cavan, widow of the late capt. Woodgate.—The rev. Edward Palmer, of Cloghjordan park, county of Tipperary, to mrs. Harrison, of Limerick.—James Jessop, esq. of Stafford-street, to miss Bunne, of Crow-street.—At Cork, Thomas F. Hartnett, esq. to miss Wilkes, daughter of C. Wilkes, of Ballincog, esq.—Mr. Stephen Goggin, of Limerick, printer and bookseller, to miss Eliza Drew, daughter to the late L. Drew, of Scariff, county of Clare, esq.—Mr. A. M'Crea, Strabane, to miss B. Allen, of Lifford.—Thomas Edwards, esq. of Wexford, to Mary-Anne, 4th daughter of the late Samuel Tench, of Ballyhely, esq.—At Castlebridge, county of Wexford, mr. John Atkin, of Coolamain, to miss Gainfort, daughter of mr. Joseph Gainfort, of Ballyheigne.—Mr. George Perrin, jun. Ormond-quay, to miss Wallace, only daughter of Robert Wallace, esq. Spa-house, Wexford.

DEATHS.

A few days ago, at his seat at Lawbrook, county of Westmeath, after an illness of a few hours, John Chambers, esq. he was a gentleman of the kindest and most affecting manners, a good husband, tender father, and sincere friend, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him; in the discharge of the various duties of domestic and social life, his conduct was truly exemplary, and he died sincerely regretted by a numerous and respectable acquaintance.—At Rathmines, after a long illness, John Wilmot, esq.—In Merrion-square, dowager lady Steele.—At Armagh, miss Jane Browne, daughter of the late mr. John Browne, merchant.——At Newry, mrs. Cuming, relict of the late mr. James Cuming, of that town, bookseller.—At Tomack, county of Donegal, aged 78, mrs. Dysart, relict of mr. John Dysart, of Carnamady, in said county.—At Fahan, co. Derry, lieutenant Higgs, of the royal navy.—At Clancole, near Bandon, the rev. mr. Hewitt.—In Limerick, mrs. Sargent, wife of F. Sargent, esq.—At Spring-lodge, in the county of Limerick, miss Molony, daughter of mr. John Molony, of said place.—At Mallow, Robert Armstrong, esq. of Ennis.—At Wexford, in the 92d year of her age, mrs. Mary White, sister to Hawtrey White, esq.—At Sarshill, in the parish of Kilmore, in the 93d year of his age, Henry Morgan.—In Kilmore, James Shears, otherwise Foxten, aged 98, an out-pensioner of Greenwich-hospital; he lost his sight by the explosion of a cartridge, in the sea-fight between Elliott and Thuriot, off Carrickfergus, in the year 1759.—At Chilcomb, near Ross, county of Wexford, George Keogh, esq.——In Waterford, mrs. Gatchell, wife of mr. Jonathan Gatchell.—Philip Parker, of Athlone, esq. aged 88.—At the Episcopal house at Fulham, in the 79th year of his age, the right rev. Beilby Porteus, lord bishop of London, &c. &c. his lordship was first consecrated bishop of Chester in 1776, and in 1796 was translated to the see of London. On Tuesday the 9th at his house in Merrion Square Patrick Plunket esq. M. D.—A man who as a Physician had attained to the highest degree of eminence, and whose amiable character was such as to adorn every relation of life.

Rev.d Joseph Priestley.
LL.D. F.R.S